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G. 25c AUG -5 1959

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BUT WHEN THE ENEMY DEMANDED SURRENDER...
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# *"I have not yet begun to fight!"*

SAMUEL BRONSTON
PRESENTS

# ★★John Paul Jones★★

Robert
*STACK*
*as John Paul Jones*



Marisa
*PAVAN*
*as Aimee de Tellison*



Charles
*COBURN*
*as Benjamin Franklin*



Erin
*O'BRIEN*
*as Dorothea Danders*

**Guest Stars**



Macdonald
*CAREY*
*as Patrick Henry*



Jean Pierre
*AUMONT*
*as King Louis XVI*



David
*FARRAR*
*as John Wilkes*



Peter
*CUSHING*
*as Captain Pearson*



Susana
*CANALES*
*as Marie Antoinette*

**And a Special Appearance by**
Bette
*DAVIS*
*as Catherine the Great*



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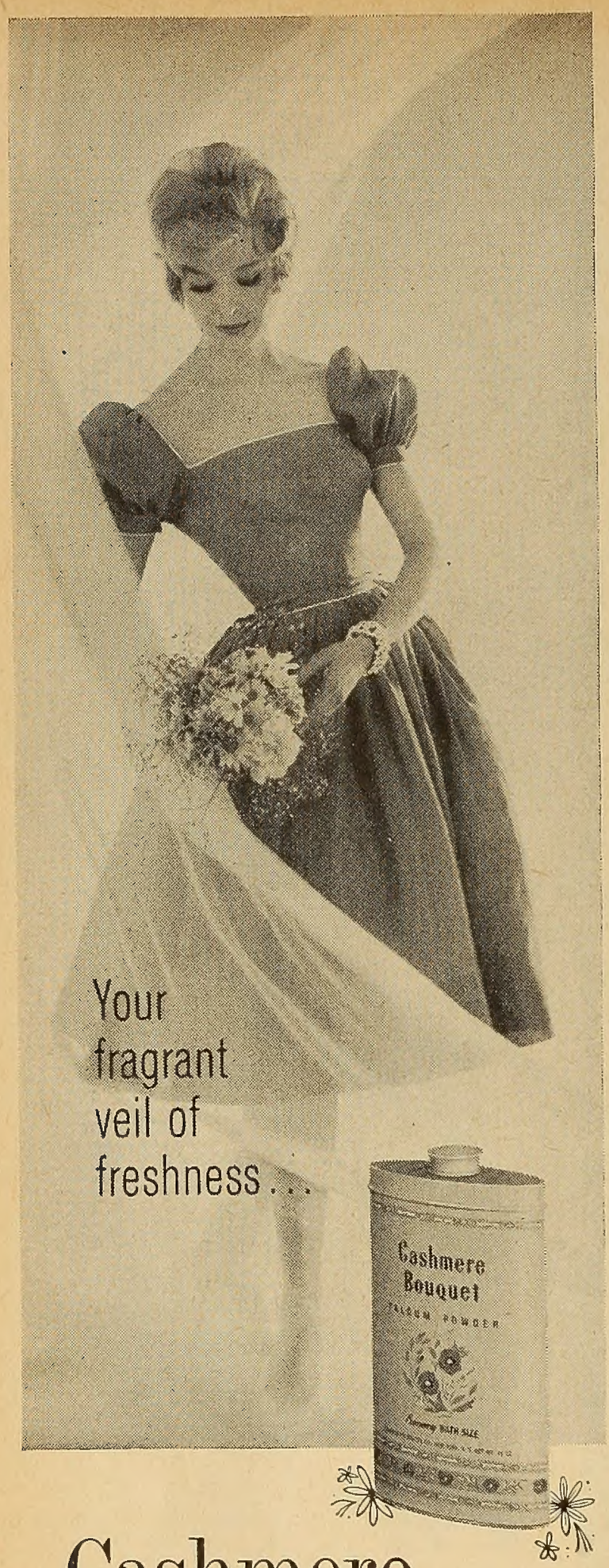
You will see it all—Jones sailing a noose around the Old World and pulling it tight to free the New...Jones winning the respect of the world's leaders for his new nation...Jones storming the defenses of the world's women, from dancing girls to Catherine the Great—as this fighting leader and fiery lover conquers in battle and in boudoir!

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Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screenplay by JOHN FARROW and JESSE LASKY, Jr. • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER • Distributed by WARNER BROS.




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***Cashmere Bouquet...***
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# modern screen

AUGUST, 1959 — AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

## STORIES

**Arthur Godfrey** ..... **21** Because So Many People Prayed *by Ed DeBlasio*

**Debbie Reynolds** ..... **22** There Is a Man You Must Beware of

**Fabian, Bobby Darin, Connie Francis, Tommy Sands** ..... **24** So You Want To Be a Singer! *by George Christy*

**Susan Kohner** ..... **26** An Intimate Confession From Susan Kohner *by Helen Weller*

**John Wayne** ..... **28** Did John Wayne Risk His Wife and Child's Lives?

**Sandra Dee** ..... **30** The Bittersweet Life of a Teenage Model *by Candy Jones*

**Dion** ..... **32** Introducing Dion *by Ed DeBlasio*

**Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer** ..... **36** God Willing, We'll Still Have Our Baby

**38** Like Man We Just Gotta Go, Go, Go! *by Paul Denis*

**Frank Sinatra** ..... **40** The Pain and the Pride of Being Frankie's Daughter

**Liz and Eddie** ..... **42** Liz and Eddie's Wedding Day *As told to Helen Weller by a Member of the Wedding*

**Glenn Ford-Eleanor Powell** ..... **50** The House of Silence

## DEPARTMENTS

**Louella Parsons** ..... **11** Eight-Page Gossip Extra

**4** The Inside Story

**6** New Movies *by Florence Epstein*

**7** August Birthdays

**57** $150 For You

Photographers' credits appear on page 60.

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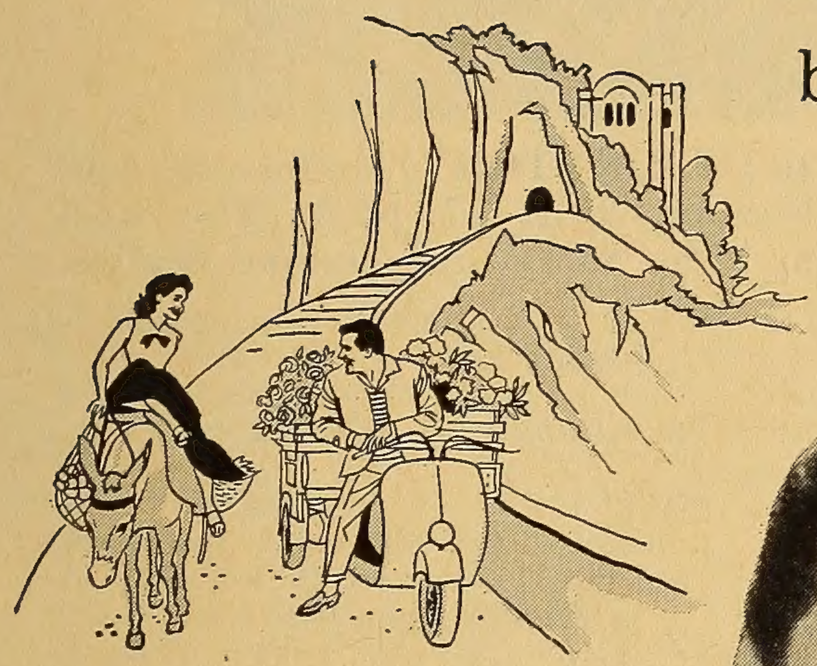
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you a bright new star
you'll love!







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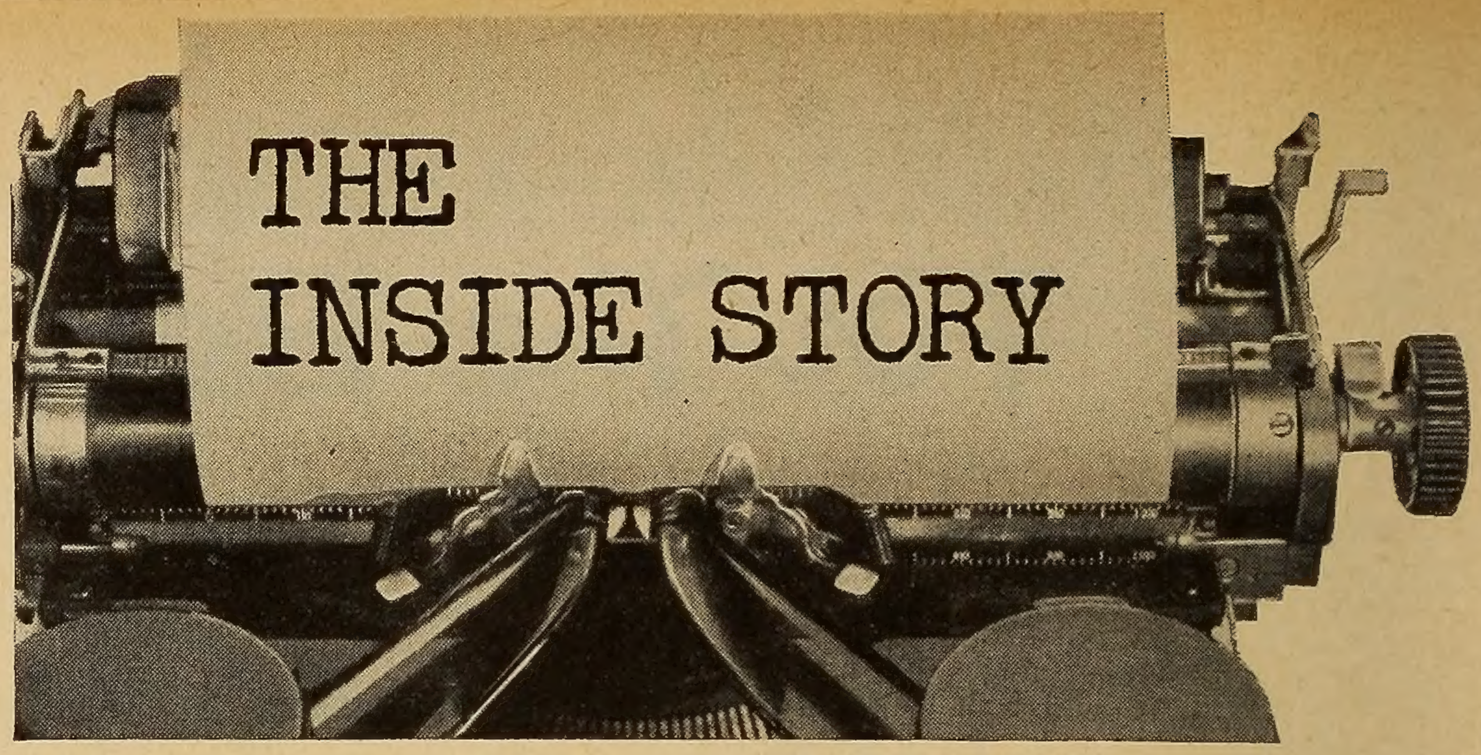
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**Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.**

**Q** While **Debbie Reynolds** was in Spain making *It Started With a Kiss,* there was a rumor going around that she was secretly infatuated with a married man. When the company returned to America, **Eleanor Powell** sued Debbie's leading man **Glenn Ford** for a divorce. Is this co-incidental?

—N.T., Hartford, Conn.

**A** *There's no evidence to indicate that it is anything but.*

**Q** How serious is the **Sal Mineo-Susan Cabot** romance? Will they marry?

—A.B., Chapel Hill, N.C.

**A** *Sal, twenty, is obviously fascinated by the attention of an older woman of thirty-two. Susan is allegedly fascinated by the attention Sal received from the press. Religion differences also make a marriage unlikely.*

**Q** Are **Lucille Ball** and **Desi** as divinely happy as they appear to be on their Lucy-Desi Hour shows or is the marriage lasting for business reasons only?

—R.S., Titusville, Fla.

**A** *The Arnez' find their* TV *bliss difficult to duplicate in their busy personal lives.*

**Q** I see where **Andy Griffith** went back to Broadway for *Destry* and wants to stay there. But just a year ago he was heralded as the hottest thing ever to hit Hollywood. What happened?

—S.A., Macon, Ga.

**A** *His three films caused a deep-freeze at the box-office. His play is doing considerably better.*

**Q** Now that **Brigitte Bardot's** romance is as stale as yesterday's *pate de foie gras,* is her new relationship with her new leading man **Jacques Charrier** for real or is it just another publicity gimmick for her film *Babette Goes to War*?

—C.C., Baton Rouge, La.

**A** *BB has always been prone to mix pleasure with business.*

**Q** Are you willing to reveal who is the more ancient, **Gary Cooper** or **Cary Grant**?

—M.F., Gary, Ind.

**A** *Cooper (58) by 2½ years.*

**Q** Is it true that **Pat Boone** has the first dollar he ever earned?

—P.E., Paterson, N.J.

**A** *Pat, who has the welfare of a large family to be concerned with, is neither stingy nor a spendthrift.*

**Q** Was **Robert Taylor** in his right mind when he agreed to do a television series? I was under the impression he was still considered a big star.

—B.S., Lansing, Mich.

**A** *Artistically, no. Financially, yes.*

**Q** How long do you think the reconciliation between **Loretta Young** and her husband, Tom Lewis, will last?

—W.G., New Castle, Ind.

**A** *As long as they remain living on separate coasts.*

**Q** Would you tell me whatever Columbia Pictures had in mind by putting the brilliant two-time Academy Award winning **Fredric March** with such an incompetent actress like **Kim Novak** in *Middle of the Night?*

—F.E., New York City

**A** *They were probably hoping some of Fred's talents would rub off on Kim and some of Kim's box-office value would rub off on March.*

**Q** Is the marriage on or off between **Jennifer Jones** and **David Selznick.** I haven't read of a divorce—only of Jennifer's *solo* journeys to distant lands.

—W.R., Andover, Mass.

**A** *Jennifer, still very much Mrs. David O. Selznick, is a great believer in the proverb: She travels the fastest who travels alone.*

**Q** Is there any chance of **Ava Gardner** ever getting off her bitter I-hate-everybody kick and once again becoming the nice uncomplicated happy girl that she was before she ever set eyes on **Frank Sinatra**?

—R.M., Winston-Salem, N.C.

**A** *Ava was neither uncomplicated nor happy before she met Frank.*

**Q** If my memory serves me correctly, wasn't Spain the place **Liz Taylor** planned to settle down in while the late **Mike Todd** was making *Don Quixote*? If so, isn't it odd that Liz should choose to reign in Spain during her honeymoon with **Eddie Fisher**?

—T.Y., Chicago, Ill.

**A** *Liz who had planned to live in Spain has evidentally run out of fresh countries in which to honeymoon.*

**Q** Is it true that Warner Brothers has promised **Edd Byrnes** total star billing in *77 Sunset Strip* and in films if he in turn promises to stay single for at least another two years?

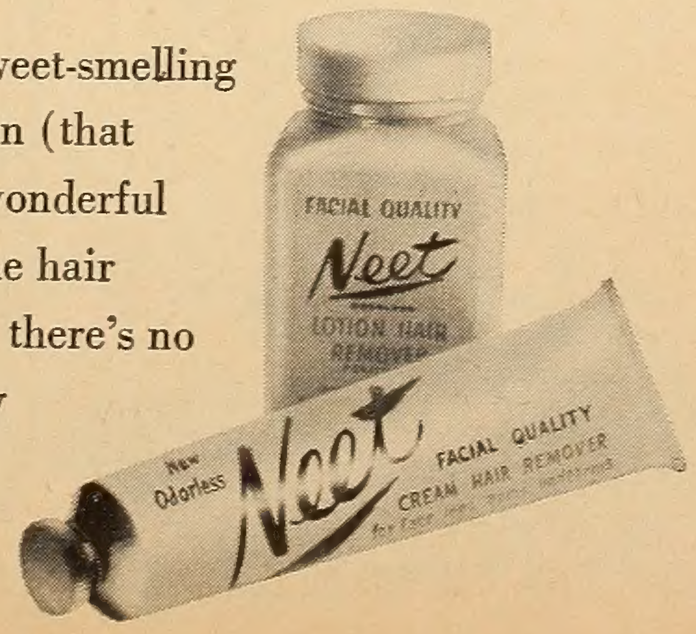
—S.R., Walters, Okla.

**A** *Edd earned his star billing by virtue of his amazing popularity among viewers. Neither he nor his studio want to jeopardize his popularity in any way.*



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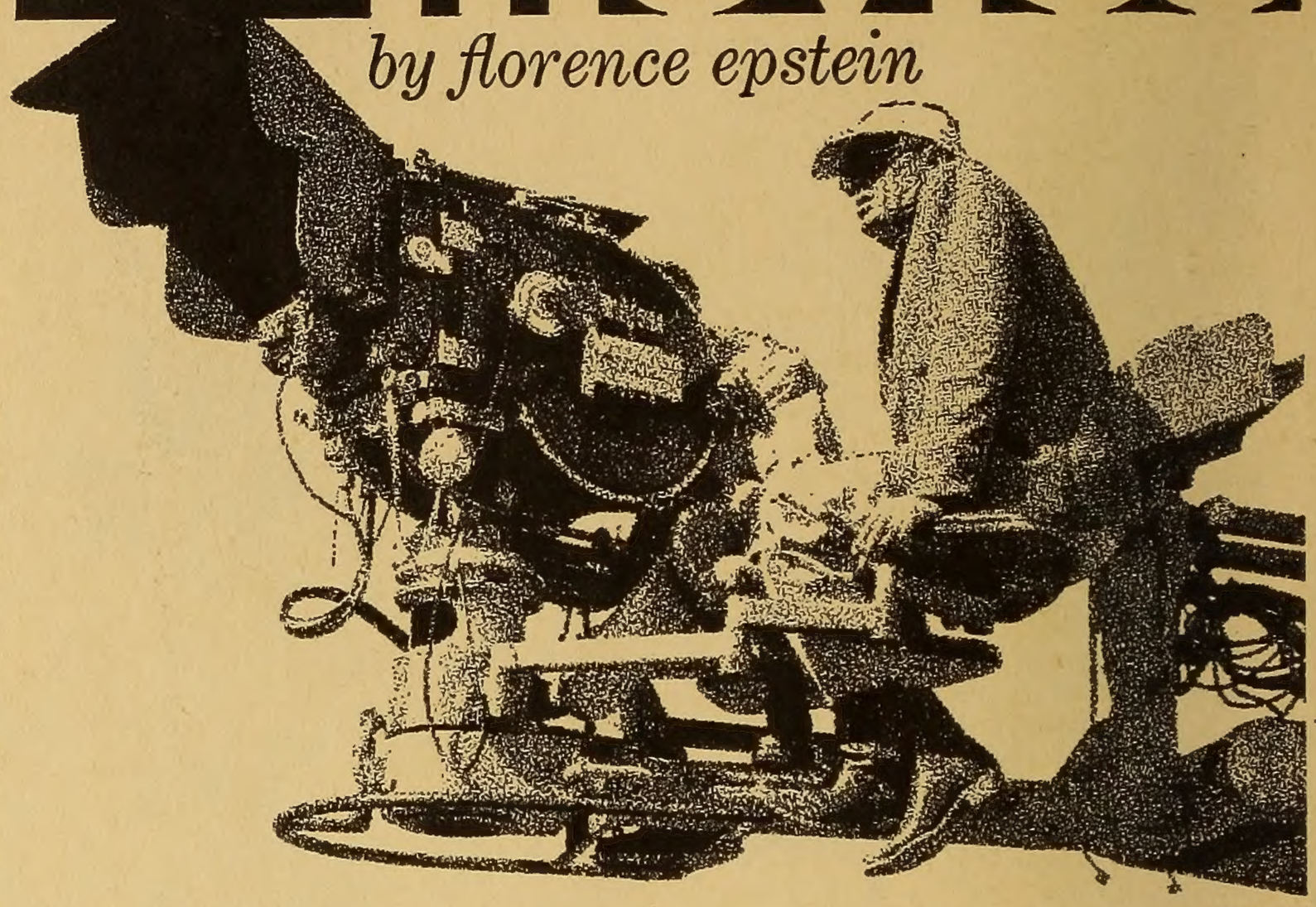
Peggy's BRIGHT WITH MIDOL





# new movies

*by florence epstein*



## THE NUN'S STORY

**Audrey Hepburn**
**Peter Finch**
**Dame Edith Evans**
**Dame Peggy Ashcroft**
**Mildred Dunnock**

*life in a convent*

■ Audrey Hepburn's father (well-known doctor Dean Jagger) would not stand in his daughter's way for anything. It's with some sadness, however, that he escorts her to a convent where she will train for nunhood. She would like to be a nursing nun in the Belgian Congo, but she soon learns that humility and self-effacement come first. Harsh duty in a mental hospital and severe discipline by the Mother nuns are designed to curb her independent spirit, but they also create great tension in her. A brilliant nurse, she is finally sent to the Congo where she works with atheist doctor Peter Finch. Her only weapons against his taunts about her religious dedication are silence and determination to serve God. But her inner conflict increases and, combined with overwork, leads to tuberculosis. Being sick is her first vacation. That over, she's recalled to the mother convent in Belgium. World War II, in which her father is killed, begins and Audrey finds it almost impossible not to take sides (as she was instructed). At last she must decide whether remaining a nun is her true vocation. This is an unusual film, beautifully done.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.



## HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM

**Michael Gough**
**June Cunningham**
**Graham Curnow**
**Shirley Ann Field**
**Geoffrey Kean**

*bloody murder*

■ This takes place in England where there have always been very imaginative murderers. All over town girls are dropping like flies—one gets stabbed by a pair of binoculars, another is guillotined in bed, a third is pinched to death by ice tongs. Scotland Yard is stumped; crime writer Michael Gough is making a fortune—enough money to buy all kinds of murder weapons and instruments of torture to stock his Black Museum (just a big room in his pine-panelled basement). Gough's young assistant (Graham Curnow) sometimes thinks he would like to quit his job and get married. What strange power is preventing him? Hee-hee-hee—you'll see!—CINEMASCOPE, AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL FILMS.

## THE MIRROR HAS TWO FACES

**Michele Morgan**
**Bourvil**
**Ivan Desny**
**Sandra Milo**
**Gerard Oury**

*before and after a nose bob*

■ Michele Morgan wouldn't mind being ugly—it's just that her pretty kid sister steals all her boyfriends. Mom and Pop worry about Michele; when they see an ad in the personals column calling for a wife they answer it. The bachelor who placed the ad is a miserly schoolteacher (Bourvil) who lives with his mother and doesn't trust pretty girls. At this point Michele would be grateful to marry anyone. Ten years, two children and a mother-in-law later, Bourvil is in an auto accident. The plastic surgeon who fixes him up takes one look at Michele and dreams about making her beautiful. She can't resist the idea herself. The results are remarkable. Too bad her husband turns into a raving lunatic. You see, now he can't trust his wife! It's murder, dear—literally. In French, with English titles.—CONTINENTAL FILMS.

*(Continued on page 8)*

# AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in August, your birthstone is the sardonyx and your flower is the gladiolus. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

*August 3*—**Marilyn Maxwell**
**Gordon Scott**
**Warren Berlinger**

*August 5*—**John Saxon**
**Robert Taylor**
**David Brian**
**Natalie Trundy**

*August 6*—**Lucille Ball**
**Robert Mitchum**

*August 8*—**Rory Calhoun**
**Esther Williams**
**Connie Stevens**

*August 9*—**Leo Genn**

*August 10*—**Eddie Fisher**
**Rhonda Fleming**
**Martha Hyer**
**Noah Berry Jr.**

*August 11*—**Arlene Dahl**

*August 12*—**John Derek**
**Kurt Kasznar**

*August 15*—**Ethel Barrymore**
**Lori Nelson**
**Wendy Hiller**

*August 16*—**Ann Blyth**
**Fess Parker**

*August 17*—**James Cagney**
**Maureen O'Hara**

*August 18*—**Shelley Winters**
**Molly Bee**

*August 19*—**Debra Paget**

*August 21*—**Myrna Loy**
**Gary Merrill**

*August 23*—**Gene Kelly**
**Vera Miles**

*August 25*—**Mel Ferrer**
**Michael Rennie**

*August 26*—**Susan Harrison**
**George Montgomery**

*August 27*—**Tommy Sands**
**Tuesday Weld**

*August 28*—**Ben Gazzara**

*August 29*—**Ingrid Bergman**
**Barry Sullivan**

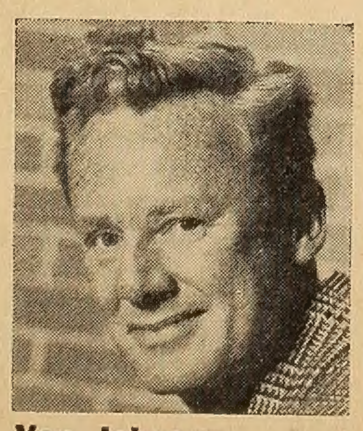
*August 30*—**Joan Blondell**
**Shirley Booth**
**Fred MacMurray**
**Raymond Massey**
**Donald O'Connor**

*August 31*—**Richard Basehart**
**Fredric March**



**Janice Rule**

*August 15*



**Van Johnson**

*August 25*


# The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



**Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?**

**A.** It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



**Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?**

**A.** The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



**Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?**

**A.** Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.

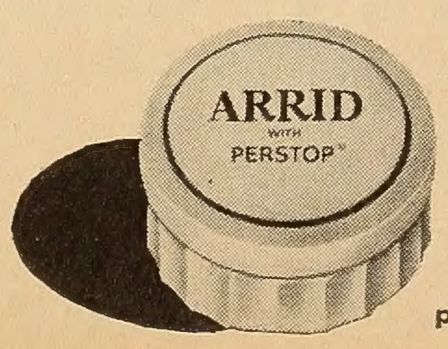


**Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?**

**A.** Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

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**It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested!** Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.




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## THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS

**Paul Newman**
**Barbara Rush**
**Alexis Smith**
**Brian Keith**
**Billie Burke**

*two generations of high society*

▪ There are only a few good families in Philadelphia; the rest are just people. One of the people is Irishman Brian Keith, who loses his true love (Diane Brewster) to a socialite. Diane's son (and Brian's!) is Paul Newman. Paul, unaware of his father's identity (but always friendly with him), takes his good name and goes off to Princeton. What he needs are (a) love, and (b) money. In order to get (a) Barbara Rush, he puts off their elopement on the promise of her prominent father (John Williams) that he'll take Paul into his law firm. End of romance. Barbara doesn't think he loves her enough; Paul thinks if she loved *him* she wouldn't have run off and married a multi-millionaire. From that moment on Paul is shrewdly ambitious and twice as polished as the family silver. He goes places as a brilliant young lawyer who is also a favorite of Philadelphia society. How he goes places (with influential blueblood Alexis Smith, for instance) forms a large part of this engrossing film. Another large part concerns his boyhood friend (Robert Vaughn), blacksheep of a famous family. Vaughn is so black he becomes an alcoholic and is accused of murdering his skinflint guardian. Rather than risk a public scandal Vaughn's family would prefer a quiet conviction, and they ask Paul to handle the case. The question is: has Paul got any honor left, or will he do anything to safeguard his career? Does Barbara Rush (whose husband was killed in the war) have any love left or is she too wrapped up in her millions? It's a solid drama.—WARNERS.

## MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

**Kim Novak**
**Fredric March**
**Glenda Farrell**
**Martin Balsam**
**Lee Grant**

*too old for love?*

▪ How does it feel to be a widower of fifty-six who is also a successful businessman and grandfather? Fredric March shows you to perfection. He and his partner (Albert Dekker) own a garment firm in New York. Dekker's unhappily married and always on the make. March has infinitely more dignity; he keeps his loneliness to himself, and lets his sister run his house. Recently divorced, Kim Novak is the firm's receptionist. One day, by chance, she confides all her troubles and confusion to March—and they are drawn together. When the romance looks serious everybody disapproves. March's family think he's making a fool of himself; Kim's family can't understand what she sees in an old man. Kim has plenty of doubts; so does March. Among March's doubts is whether he'll be able to curb his jealousy. The morning after Kim's 'ex' (jazz musician Lee Philips) returns. March wants to call the whole thing off. A certain part of New York life is superbly captured in this film—and all the acting, including the smaller parts, is excellent.
—COLUMBIA.

## ASK ANY GIRL

**David Niven**
**Shirley MacLaine**
**Gig Young**
**Rod Taylor**
**Jim Backus**

*romantic comedy*

▪ Any girl will tell you what she wants most is to get married. Shirley MacLaine will tell you it's a tough proposition—usually, it's *only* a proposition. No sooner does she arrive in New York than a wolf makes off with her —suitcase. One way or another she's always losing her clothes. Working for sweater manufacture, Jim Backus, her wardrobe's taken care of, but her lovelife (with Rod Taylor) gets pretty snarled up. He keeps inviting her to his aunt's house in Connecticut. Trouble is, his aunt's never home. When Shirley finds that out—Good-bye Charlie. Next stop: the consumer research agency run by David Niven and his playboy brother, Gig Young. Gig runs the door-to-door part of the business. Anytime a girl opens the door, business is over. Naturally, *he's* the guy Shirley wants. With Niven's help she studies him as a consumer and offers herself as an ideal package, the kind he's willing to buy with a marriage license. It's an old story, but the acting's so fresh and funny it seems brand new.—CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR, MGM.

## RECOMMENDED MOVIES

**DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP** (Paramount): Thirteen years ago Jerry Lewis was a Lieutenant on a Navy destroyer. Now he's about to take off on his honeymoon with his bride Diana Spencer. But before he can leave, a Congressional Committee comes after him to find out what he did with that destroyer! Even the admiral can't produce it, and Jerry had it last. How could he lose a whole ship? Dina Merrill, a seductive-looking Navy psychiatrist, is determined to help him remember. See this hilarious movie for the answer.

**THE FIVE PENNIES** (Paramount): Danny Kaye is cast as the great 1920's coronet player, Red Nichols. He's on his way to success with his own band. Then he and his wife Barbara Bel Geddes decide to put their daughter Tuesday Weld in boarding school—against her protests—so they can travel with the band. The child becomes paralyzed, and Danny, full of guilt, gives up his promising career to care for her. The plot is heartrending, but the music is wonderful. With jazz greats Louis Armstrong, Bob Crosby, Ray Anthony.

**THIS EARTH IS MINE** (Universal): The earth is a vast and money-making California vineyard. It is ruled over by Claude Rains, who tries to rule his family too: grandson Rock Hudson, who disappoints and embarrasses the family with his wild ways; granddaughter Jean Simmons, summoned from England to marry a 'good choice' she's never met (she falls for Rock when she meets him); daughter Dorothy McGuire, who runs the house and hopes one day to run the vineyard. Cindy Robbins adds complications to this complicated family by accusing Rock of fathering her child. Before the saga ends, the problems include bootleggers, a near-murder, a devastating fire.

**A HOLE IN THE HEAD** (United Artists): Frank Sinatra is a carefree widower with a young son (Eddie Hodges) and a run-down hotel in Miami Beach. He wants his older brother and his wife (Edward G. Robinson and Thelma Ritter) to get him out of the hole with a loan. They'd rather help by taking away his child, or by taking him out of the 'clutches' of girlfriend Carolyn Jones and promoter Keenan Wynn and arranging a marriage with Eleanor Parker.



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MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA

by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

# LOUELLA PARSONS

*in this issue:*

**Big boomtown party**

**Debbie's royal admirer**

**The Glenn-Eleanor rift**



*Frank Sinatra, Kirk Douglas, Milton Berle and Dean Martin help put on a billion-dollar show for handicapped children.*

# LOUELLA PARSONS



*Both in the spirit of the evening were Kirk Douglas with his Death Valley haircut and Frank Sinatra with his riverboat gambler's beard.*



*Audrey Meadows, with Millionaire Harry Karl, went home richer by one poodle.*



*Rosalind Russell with husband, Fred Brisson.*



*The pretty Indian girl who was Sammy Davis Jr.'s date was really his sister Sandy Davis.*



*Tony and Janet found being in the chorus line fun . . . for one evening.*



## PARTY *of the month*

The Western Boomtown party put on by the ladies of the SHARE charity (for handicapped children) was a dilly, and with the Moulin Rouge Cafe jammed to the rafters to see the million dollars' worth of star talent that put on the show, over $100,000 was raised.

There was never a harder working emcee than **Dean Martin** who was on the stage for four solid hours. Of course he had the able assistance of **Frank Sinatra**, **Milton Berle** and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** The greatest chorus line-up in the history of Hollywood included such names as **Robert Mitchum**, **Gary Cooper, Jack Benny, Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas, Peter Lawford, Jack Webb** and **Jackie Cooper**, (plus Sinatra, Martin, Berle and Davis, Jr.) supplying a billion dollars' worth of talent.

Jeanne Martin (Mrs. Dean), one of the SHARE girls, put on a cute act with Dean. One of her lines was, "Remember I'm not **Jerry Lewis**!"

**Marie McDonald** (who married Louis Bass May 23) came with Manny Walter and sitting not too far away was her ex, Harry Karl, with **Audrey Meadows.** Harry bought Audrey the white poodle, and he wrote out a check for $15,000 for the full length mink auctioned off by Milton Berle. Frankie, replete with tiara and diamond earrings, modeled the coat.

**Debbie Reynolds** was with Bob Neal who paid $6500 for the motor boat donated. **Anita Ekberg**'s ex, **Tony Steel**, came stag—but danced often with the 'cowgirls' at the various tables.

## First-Class Feud

The last person I'd pick to be engaged in a first-class feud is **Gregory Peck**! But the battle of words is on between easy-going Greg and director Willy Wyler. Wyler fired the first blast by saying, in effect, that Greg was not only difficult to direct he kept other actors upset by hogging the show. Wyler added he would never again direct him in a picture after *The Big Country*.

I asked Greg about Willy's popping off and he had this to say:

"It's true that Wyler and I had words but what I had to say to him I said to his face, not behind his back. I don't want to have a feud with anyone—takes too much out of me in nervous energy. Our fight was not about a star and director not seeing eye to eye. I take direction.

"But I was upset at the way Willy spent money on *The Big Country*. There was no need for it to go over $4,000,000. I have a cut in the Western and so far it has grossed $9,500,000, not a penny of which has come back to me."

Greg went on to say he is as sorry as he can be that his differences with Wyler came out in the open. "Hollywood doesn't need this type of publicity," he said.



*Greg Peck's big feud in the* The Big Country *is one you won't see in the film. It happened off-camera.*

## The Inside on the Glenn-Eleanor Rift

"I'm tired of turning the other cheek. I've had it. I have forgiven and forgiven and overlooked and overlooked. I am forty-seven years old and it is time I started thinking about myself, particularly about my peace of mind.

"I am sure Glenn will be much happier alone. He isn't happy now."

**Eleanor Powell (Mrs. Glenn) Ford** speaking immediately following her startling telephone call to me that she had just left Santa Monica Superior Court where she had sued America's No. 1 star at the box-office (so voted by the motion picture exhibitors this year) for divorce!

Ironically, it was Glenn's forty-third birthday.

If Eleanor's action came as a surprise to Hollywood, it succeeded in knocking Glenn cold. So cold he was not able to report to MGM where he is co-starring with **Debbie Reynolds** in *It Started With A Kiss*. He was speechless other than a formally released quote, "This is the shock of my life."

What's the 'inside' on this rift? You hear many stories. I happen to personally know that Glenn and Eleanor had a serious break in the past. I talked with her on the telephone when she was sobbing her heart out, and yet begging me not to print that she was practically on the verge of a nervous breakdown This trouble was very serious at the time but everyone was very happy when the Fords seemed to patch up the problem and for about five years seemed reconciled and contented in their family life with their fourteen-year-old son, Peter—even if they didn't seem ecstatically aglow.

Obviously, there is in-law trouble. Glenn's mother, Mrs. Hannah Ford, was named in Eleanor's court action, Eleanor claiming that Glenn had spent community assets on his mother, specifically a $100,000 home.

However as one of Glenn's friends said, "Well, didn't Eleanor build a lovely home for *her* mother, too!"

But, while Glenn insisted on remaining silent about his side of their problems, Eleanor talked more frankly than almost any actress at a time like this.

She told me, "We have been married sixteen years and our marriage wouldn't have lasted this long except for my religion and my feeling that I should keep the marriage together because of our son. I know now this has been a mistake. I have asked for complete custody of Peter. The chapter is closed."

I wonder?

Stranger things have happened than that the Fords could reconcile.

I can tell you Glenn is taking this very hard.



*Trouble between the Glenn Fords goes way back. States Eleanor, "Our marriage wouldn't have lasted this long except for my religion and our son."*

# LOUELLA PARSONS

*continued*

## Party Honoring a King

The most formal and exclusive party of the year was hosted by the **Mervyn Le Roys** in their Bel-Air home in honor of youthful King Baudouin of Belgium and his entourage of fourteen.

The Le Roy home was beautifully decorated in the Belgian and American colors even to the flowers in huge bowls and vases throughout the entire house. All the furniture had been removed from the living room to make room for the orchestra and dancing with dinner served in the vividly decorated solarium.

All the guests were charmed by the modest and likeable young King who admits to being a movie fan. Obviously, Kitty Le Roy planned that he might see his favorites close up. **Debbie Reynolds**, so gay and vivacious these days, made a particular hit.

I was very flattered to be the only newspaperwriter invited to get an eye-witness view of the lovely affair—and I wore my best pink gown.

Among those I talked to and saw twirling around the dance floor were the **Louis Jourdans**; **Kirk Douglas** and his always chicly gowned Anne; Gloria and **Jimmy Stewart; Jack Benny** stag (**Mary** was not feeling well); **Cyd Charisse**, a lady-stag as **Tony Martin** was out of town; **Bob** and Dolores **Hope**, the **Gary Coopers, Dick Powell** and **June Allyson**; motion picture head Eric Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** my escort **Jimmy McHugh**, the George Sidneys, Jack Warner and the David Mays.

It was an enchanting evening that should linger long and pleasantly even in the heart of a King.



*One of King Baudouin of Belgium's favorite sights in the United States has turned out to be one of ours too . . . gay and vivacious Debbie Reynolds.*



*Once and for all, there's no trouble between Ricky and David Nelson.*

## I'm On My Soapbox

—to say I thoroughly approve of the firm stand being taken by **Harriet** and **Ozzie Nelson** to fight any and all cruel gossip that there is dissention and jealousy between their two sons, **Ricky** and **David.**

In fact, the parents have stated flatly, "We will sue, if necessary, to protect our sons from this malicious campaign. We have been a happy and devoted family. We intend to remain one."

One of the stories they particularly objected to was that David, the elder son, had moved out of the family home and taken his own apartment because he couldn't 'take' Ricky's fabulous rise as a singer, actor and idol of the teenagers. This, Harriet and Ozzie heatedly deny.

"Each boy has his own career, and David is doing very well," says Ozzie. Producer Irwin Allen, who gave David his first big screen break in *The Big Circus* (stars **Vic Mature**, **Red Buttons**, **Kathy Grant Crosby** and **Rhonda Fleming**) backs Ozzie up in this claim.

"David has real talent, plus a likeable and attractive personality. He may not soar as spectacularly in the beginning as Ricky—but his will be steady and solid success. He has what it takes in front of a camera. After I saw his first scenes I gave him star billing.

"We like David so much that we are using him on many big exploitation stunts with the picture including sending him to San Francisco to officially open the Polach Circus there.

"He made a big hit.

"There's plenty of room in this business for both of these Nelson boys. They are nice kids, well mannered and a credit to their parents. Let's give them both a hand—not a shove."

# A Visit from Gina

I was supposed to interview Italy's No. 1 'doll', **Gina Lollobrigida**, at her home, for *Pictorial Living* but the message came back, "She wants to come to your house. She's heard so much about it, particularly your playroom where you have interviewed so many stars!" So we made an appointment for tea—and when she first walked in I thought she had misunderstood and thought it was a dinner party so elaborately was she gowned in a white lace dinner dress.

The dark-haired beauty with the glowing white skin laughed at my expression. "I'm going on to dinner at **Frank Sinatra**'s," she explained. "I think it is best to get to know your movie partner before going into those first kissing scenes."

It had been nine years since 'la Lollo' (as she is called by her doting Italian fans) had been in Hollywood under contract to Howard Hughes. But their business relationship broke up in a dispute which kept Gina out of this country for a long, long time. She hasn't changed in appearance. If anything, she looked more beautiful and more youthful.

She spoke so affectionately of **Tyrone Power** and of the emotional upset of his death in the middle of production of *Solomon and Sheba*. "He was such a gentleman, such a gentle person," she said sadly.

Gina loves Hollywood and California. She says her little son Milko is so happy here, the climate is so much like Italy. When I expressed the wish I might meet the little boy. Gina telephoned and had his nurse bring him to the house. He's a production, believe me! It's obvious his mother dotes on him.

Dr. Milko Skofic, her husband, had returned to Italy on business for Gina, but she was expecting him back soon. This is a very happy marriage and she dates her 'good luck' back to the day she met her husband.



*Gina Lollobrigida, who claims that it's best to know your partner before doing kissing scenes, is here demonstrating her point with her favorite kissing partner of all, her beautiful little son, Milko.*

# Proud of Anita

I'm all for giving glamour girl **Anita Ekberg** plenty of credit for acting like a mature person and doing no mud slinging in her divorce from **Tony Steel.**

She told me, "I have nothing to say against him. I loved him very much when I married him. Tony is a good actor, a charming man.

However Anita thinks Tony was not as surprised as he appeared to be by her action. Earlier he had said to me, "I am completely non-plussed by what she has done."

"How could he be?" Anita said. "As far back as six months ago when we parted in Rome—he was coming to Hollywood for pictures—I told him it would be far better for us to separate. He didn't argue the point. I don't care to discuss what our problems are, but I am now sure they can't be worked out."

Soon after the Swedish beauty went into court for her California divorce she applied for American citizenship. "I love this country. I want more than anything else to be an American citizen," she told me proudly.



*No divorce is nice, but Anita Ekberg has proved that one doesn't have to throw mud in court.*

# Chuckle of the Month:

Reporters assigned to cover **Debbie Reynolds**' "reactions" at the exact moment **Eddie** was marrying **Liz** in Las Vegas were told, "Miss Reynolds is in the bathtub."

One scribe, in reporting this to his newspaper editor cracked, "Obviously her reaction is fresh and *clean*."

It didn't come out 'til later that the bathtub Debbie was occupying was for a scene in *It Started With A Kiss* on the MGM lot. Our girl was fully clothed, the scene calling for her screen husband (**Glenn Ford**) to push her backward into the tub!

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

## Career Girl

After swearing "Never again with a career girl," **Terry Moore**'s ex-husband, Panama businessman Eugene McGrath, up and secretly married **Connie Towers** three weeks after Terry divorced him!

If you don't know Connie yet—you will. The pretty blonde singer who has been a popular recording star for the past two years, makes her movie debut playing the lead opposite **John Wayne** and **Bill Holden** in *The Horse Soldiers*. Duke Wayne tells me she's going to be a big movie star.

McGrath and Terry had a stormy go at marriage. They battled and reconciled several times, Terry blaming most of their troubles on the fact that Gene's business kept him in Panama and she had to remain in Hollywood.

In view of this, I was curious and asked Connie if her bridegroom was objecting to *her* continuing in her work.

"Not at all," she laughed. "Gene's very proud of my career and wants me to continue."

I guess it all depends on which career girl one is married to.



*This is Connie Towers, the second career-girl to bend the resolutions of businessman Eugene McGrath (Terry Moore's ex), by marrying him.*

*I nominate for* STARDOM

## George Hamilton

Every time I write about a young person achieving stardom with little or no training, I live to regret it. My mail is flooded with eager beavers asking how he or she can get such a break.

But facts are facts in the case of this tall, dark and handsome new find at MGM. Truth compels me to admit that before George made his first click in *Crime and Punishment, USA*, followed by a co-starring role with **Bob Mitchum** and **Eleanor Parker** in *Home From The Hill, plus* an MGM contract, this young man hadn't had enough training to put in an eyedropper.

Hailing from Palm Beach, Florida, where his family is socially prominent, George hadn't thought too much about becoming an actor until a family friend introduced him to an MGM talent scout in New York. The family friend was former screen glamour girl and dancer **Mae Murray.**

No, MGM did not sign him at that moment. But they were encouraging and suggested that George come to Hollywood. He was so low on his own chances to crash movietown that he bought a new bungalow in Palm Beach before coming to the Coast.

But two new young producers, Terry and Dennis Sanders, who didn't have too much money to invest in a big name star, tested George for *Crime and Punishment, USA*, and lo and behold, the critics did raves about him in the picture.

MGM, suddenly remembering they had a previous chance at this young man who looks like a slightly more mature **Tony Perkins,** revived their interest and picked him up on a contract but *fast*.

Sure to start an added amount of mail—he isn't married, but he'd like to be!



*I hate to admit it, but George Hamilton is going to be a big star and he's had no more training than I have.*

# ? PERSONAL OPINIONS

One divorce they won't be able to blame on Hollywood is **Haya Harareet** (she's the femme star of *Ben Hur*) and her husband Nacheman Zerwanitzer. She very quietly divorced him in Paris before she arrived in movietown. . . .

Methinks that dating between **Frank Sinatra** and **Debbie** (**Mrs. Tyrone**) **Power** was more enthusiastic on her part than on his. . . .

Wonder why so many stars on the Emmy Awards wore black? When I appeared on Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* I was asked particularly *not* to wear black for the TV cameras. . . .

With sizzling singer **Fabian** signed to a contract by 20th Century-Fox 'pears this studio is out to corner the market on the teenage favorites. Count 'em: **Pat Boone, Elvis Presley, Gary Crosby, Linny Crosby,** sixteen-year-old **Judy Harriet** (the studio expects her to be a wow after *Say One For Me* is released), **Sal Mineo**—and **Tommy Sands** made two for 20th before asking for his release. . . .

Although they are playing it very cozy, look for **James Darren** and **Evy Norlund**, Columbia's two new bets for stardom to marry as soon as Jimmy is legally free. He cracked, "We don't want to rush into marriage. We'll probably wait two or three days after I'm free." . . .

It wasn't mononucleosis that struck **Doris Day** and cancelled her East Coast personal appearance tour, as the papers headlined. Doris did have intestinal flu and a fever of 103. I also think she's never fully recovered from her old dread of meeting the public face to face. . . .

The divorce of **Marlon Brando** and **Anna Kashfi** can never be called 'friendly.' When they met by accident, in different parties, at a local cafe, both looked the other way!



*Haya's divorce isn't Hollywood's fault.*



*Marriage for James and Evy?*



*Marlon (here with Joan Collins) doesn't look when Anna passes.*



## Pat went Sprawling

Don't worry about **Pat Wayne** (**John**'s good-looking actor son) ever getting a swelled head. His sense of humor is too strong according to a friend who accompanied Pat and producer C. V. "Sonny" Whitney to Cody, Wyoming, for the preview of *The Young Land*.

"About three hundred teenagers were gathered at the train to greet Pat," said our mutual friend. "He was very proud and pleased—then, boom—his foot slipped on the pullman step and he fell sprawling at their feet! Then he started laughing so hard at his undignified entrance that he couldn't even get up. Just stayed there on his *derriere* and roared!"

## Twins for Jerry?

The doctor says Patti and **Jerry Lewis** may have twins. There's a history of twins on both sides of the family. With four boys already on hand, it would be a nice way toward evening up the score if two little girls should arrive.

"But if it isn't a girl (or girls) this time," Jerry tells me, "we are going to adopt one."

# LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*







*Only Cyd, Sophia, Doris and Bette Davis dress right, claims one Academy Awards viewer.*




MRS. PHYLLIS JOY, STREATHAM HILL, LONDON, ENGLAND, gives us an interesting inside tip: *My husband has the privilege of working for the Royal Family and there has been quite a bit of interest in* **John Raitt** *since the showing of* PAJAMA GAME (*with* **Doris Day**) *at the Palace. His fine voice and good looks were much admired and there have been inquiries about his next film.* I'm sure John will be flattered to read this, Mrs. J. At the moment he is concentrating on TV and I don't believe he has a new film coming up. . . .

*With the exception of* **Cyd Charisse, Sophia Loren, Bette Davis** *and* **Doris Day**—*the clothes worn at the Academy Awards were just ghastly,* complains MRS. H. E. LITTLE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS. *They look like they came off a bargain sale counter.* They didn't. They cost *plenty.* . . .

Oh, DOLLY SAZONE (WILMINGTON, DELAWARE)—how can you write: *I think* **John Wayne** *is the most underrated actor in Hollywood. Underrated?????* John's been leading the box office polls for about the last fifteen years . . .!

*I want to sound off! I'm sick and tired of everybody picking on the* **Crosby boys**—*particularly* **Gary.** *Why in heaven's name don't they leave the kid alone? All the Crosby boys are behaving very well in a very difficult situation,* is the considered opinion of DOROTHY HUDGIN, CUPERTINO, CALIFORNIA. . . .

Quite a bit of mail this month about **Roger Smith** who has clicked with many belles around the country in AUNTIE MAME and also in the *77 Sunset Strip* TV show. MARG TREISCH just about sums it up with her enthusiastic, *This young man is really going places.* . . .

FRASGUITH BENATI yodels greetings from ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND, where she reports she had the strangest encounter with **Richard Basehart.** *I asked him for an autograph on a restaurant menu and he said, 'Oh, no!' —then turned right around and wrote his name and the nicest message! What do you make of this?* Maybe he was trying to eat and it just popped out of his. . . .

*I love your column in* MODERN SCREEN *but you write only about* **Natalie** *and* **Bob, Liz, Eddie** *and* **Debbie, Elvis Presley, Ricky Nelson, Judy Garland, Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Dean Martin, Lana, Doris Day.** *I want you to do a story on my favorite,* **Gregory Peck.** *Also* **Louis Jourdan.** Are you listening, David Myers, to this suggestion from MARGARET JEAN JOHNSON, PICAYUNE, MISSISSIPPI . . .?

MARTHA YOUNG, CHICAGO, postcards: *I am a faithful* **Johnny Saxon** *fan and I would like to see him date other girls instead of Vicki Thal. He's still very young, too young to insist on steady dating when he insists he isn't thinking of marriage.* I don't care what he insists—I think Johnny has definitely *thought* of marriage with Vicki, Martha. . . .

*May I nominate* **Doris Day** *as the best dressed girl on the screen? asks* GINGER GATES, NEW ORLEANS. *She wears just the type of clothes girls in their early twenties would love to have the money to afford. They aren't movie-starish—if you know what I mean.* . . .

LETTY MCNAMARA, ST. LOUIS, offers up the plea: *After the marriage of* **Eddie** *and* **Liz,** *please, please, please may we have a respite from their doings? I can't tell you how tired I am of reading about every time they sneeze.*

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



*More and more fans are writing me about Roger Smith. This boy is really going places on* Sunset Strip.



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# because so many people prayed...

■ The air smelled warm and good and full of Spring's promise.

Arthur Godfrey and his wife, Mary, stood on the porch of their Virginia plantation, looking out at the land they owned.

They were in their fifties now. They had bought this land twenty-five years earlier, when they were young.

Much had happened to them in that quarter-century that had gone by—all of it good in terms of success, wealth, fame.

But, till now, they had never really had much time to spend with their land, their home.

They'd talked about it one night last winter, about how it would be.

"I'll be taking it a lot easier now," Arthur had said. "I won't be spending half so much time in New York. And you know what we're going to do these years we have ahead of us, now that we'll have the time, Mary? Well, we're going to live here . . . really (*Continued on page 60*)



# Debbie:

# THERE IS A MAN YOU MUST BEWARE OF





## An open letter to Debbie Reynolds

Dear Debbie:

The news from Hollywood is worrisome, the news that you are transforming yourself into a slick playgirl.

The reason for the 'new' Debbie isn't hard to figure. You lost your husband to another woman, and, at the time of the crackup, the differences between you and her were startling. Liz faced the press in a Paris dress; you wore pedal pushers, your hair in a braid, there was a diaper pin fastened to the front of your blouse, and you had no lipstick on. The day Eddie moved out of the house, you cooked lima bean soup for his dinner. He moved out anyway.

Then came bitterness.

(Continued on page 66)



It's tougher than you may think to get to be a top singing star... but if that's your goal, Fabian, Bobby Darin, Connie Francis and Tommy Sands can show you how.







# So You Want To Be A Singer!

**FABIAN:**

I DIDN'T want to be a singer. I couldn't sing, and the last thing I ever dreamed of was carrying a tune. I was tone-deaf.

I was interested in girls, football, pizza pie and good movies.

But along came a man who was a magician. He made me into Fabian, a singing star, from Fabian Forte, an easygoing teenager in South Philly, Pennsylvania.

I can't quite believe it's all happened.

Anyway it all started with the lady next door, Mrs. Palmeri, who was pregnant. Her husband had called an ambulance to drive her to the hospital for the delivery, and Bob Marcucci was driving by our block when he heard the siren. Bob (*Continued on page 53*)

An Intimate Confession From SUSAN KOHNER



What happens when a
sheltered little rich girl
leaves home and hits
the rough tough sidewalks

# of NEW YORK



Susan Kohner leaned back against the pink and grey pillows of the window-seat in her beautiful French Provincial bedroom and propped her favorite stuffed panda up on her knees. She gazed absently through the open French windows to the gardens below. Out there, her family's 40′ by 20′ swimming pool lay sparkling in the afternoon sun; out there, her own powder-blue Mercury convertible waited in the driveway. Out there the trees were tall and green; out there the flowers that grew around the little brook were full blooming and sweet smelling; out there the air was soft and warm. It was winter in Southern California.

In New York (*continued on page 67*)

# DID JOHN RISK HIS AND LIVES?



**SHE** was asleep, her jet hair tousled against the pillow, and tranquillity masking her face like a delicate lace covering when the phone rang. She reached out and groped for the telephone. The instrument was an inch from her ear as she said hello. A male voice asked if this was Pilar. She admitted it more with a nod than a word—and then a rapid flow of Spanish tore from the receiver, sharp and staccato like the snapping of dry twigs.

Pilar Wayne sat bolt upright in her bed, grasped the receiver tightly and said "Whaaaat?"

She listened intently, breaking in once in a while with a Spanish exclamation of astonishment, or a quick (*Continued on page 74)*

# WAYNE WIFE CHILD'S







It seems only yesterday—well, it was in 1954—when the Conover Agency received the following note, written in childish but firm script:

*It's Sunday, and I have finished my home work. I am writing you to find out whether I have a chance to become a model. I hope to become an actress some day.*

It was signed, *Sandra Douvan* and it came from Bayonne, a New Jersey suburb of New York.

A tiny snapshot (about one inch by two inches) was enclosed.

Using a magnifying glass, I studied the photo. I liked what I saw: a sweet round face, with curly golden-brown hair peeking out from under a peculiar little hat.

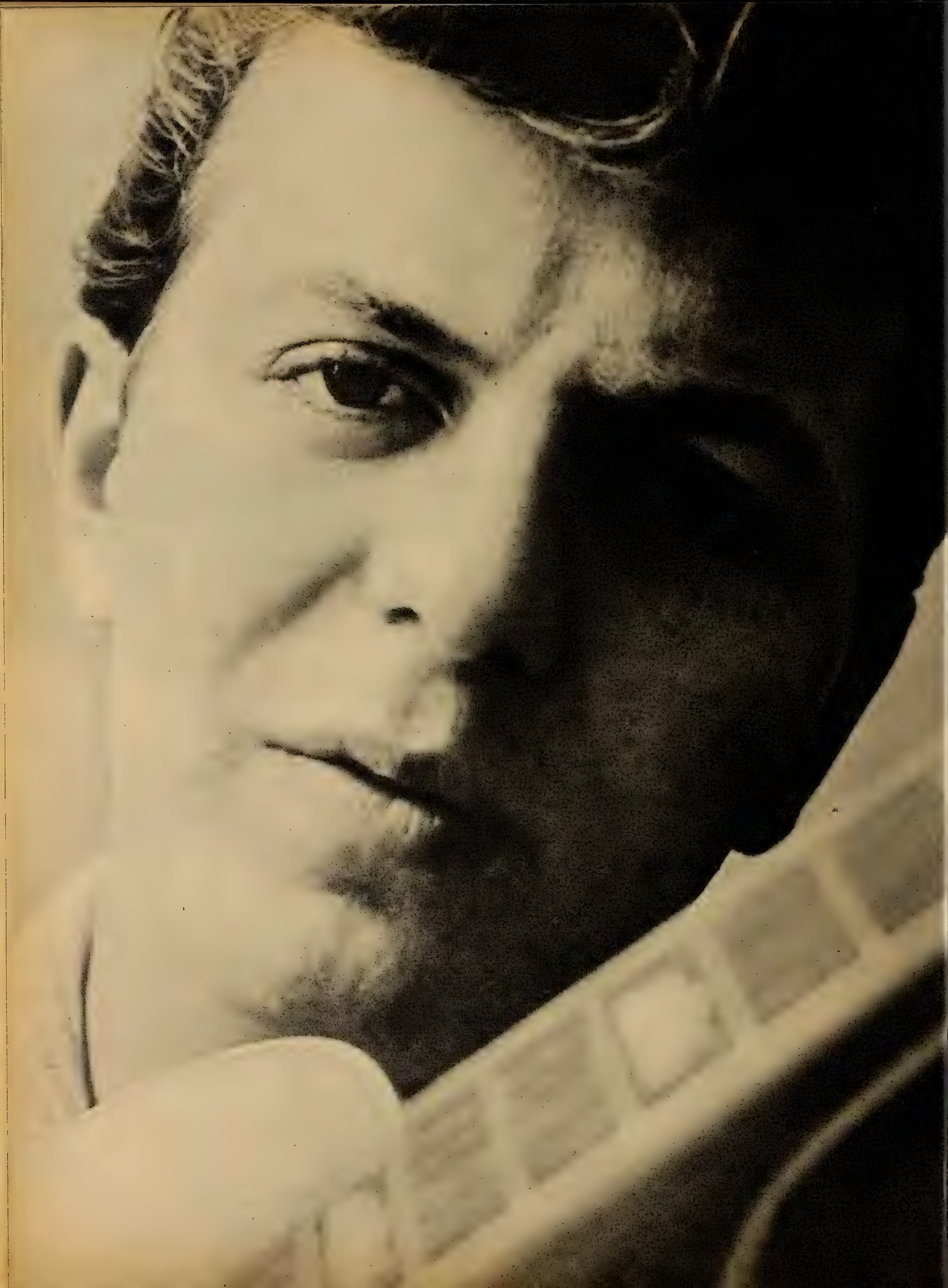
I wrote her, inviting her to come in to see me with her parents. When Sandra came with her mother, a petite

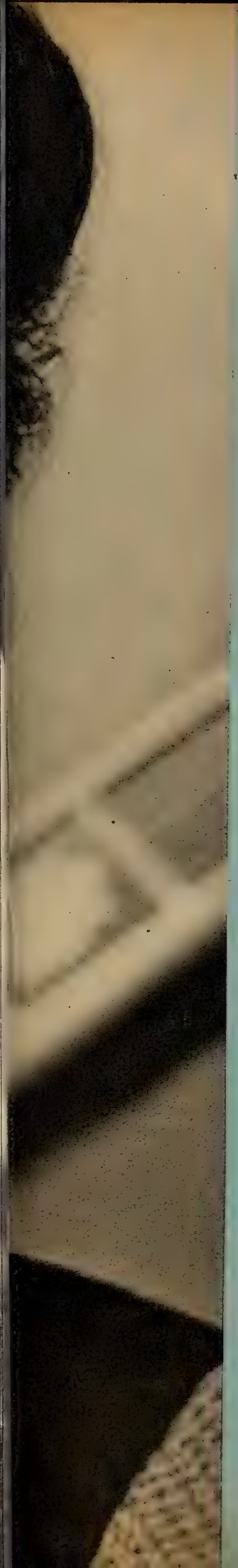
(*Continued on page 54*)

# The Bittersweet Life of a Teenage Model

Candy Jones, head of Conover Models and discoverer of Sandra Dee tells what it really took for Sandy to make it...







*Introducing*

# DION

## *the exciting new recording star whose story you must read . . .*

Dion lay on his cot and listened.

On the other side of the dressing room sat his buddies, the Belmonts, the guys he sang with.

But none of them spoke. And the room was quiet, unusually quiet.

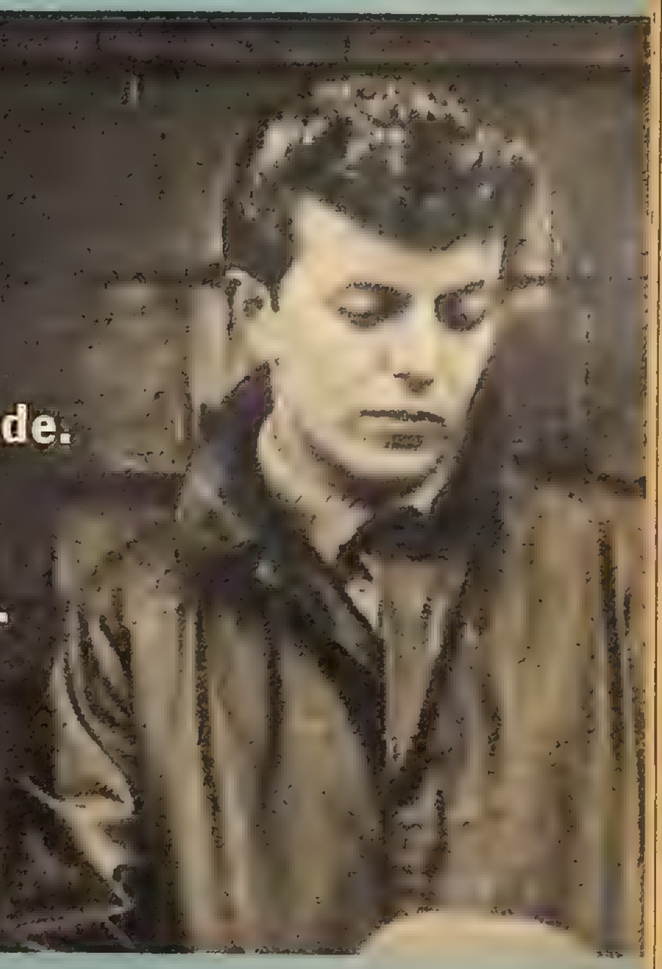
"It's like they should be there, next door," Dion said, finally, "and like they're just not joking around tonight."

The others nodded.

Dion's eyes closed.

*It was just two days ago,* he thought. *The four of us sat talking together—me, The Bopper, Ritchie, Buddy. We talked about the future. 'Yeah boy,' we said, 'this tour's the biggest and the people are* (*Continued on next page*)

**Man, I knew nothing . . .**
**I thought life was just a ball.**
**Me, Ritchie, Buddy and the Bopper . . .**
**We were all pals, all stars . . . we had it made.**
**Then I found myself wised up,**
**alone on stage, half-singing, half-crying . . .**
**My three buddies, covered with sheets,**
**lying in a corn field . . . all dead.**





*Mom made me pick up on nature.*





*Dad was in Showbiz, taught me make believe.*



*It's great to be a celebrity.*



*The Belmonts are neighbors.*




*It's hard to forget the dead.*

# DION *Continued*

*flocking like birds at one of those California missions. So why don't we stick together as a package, at least for a couple of years? We can travel together, laugh it up together, learn together—one from the other. Okay? Okay . . . Great boy, great!'*

Dion reached to his side now.

His hand rested on a guitar.

"If you don't mind," he remembered The Bopper saying to him yesterday, in the lobby of the little hotel, that big friendly grin crossing his face, "would you take this here git-fiddle with you in the bus? The pilot says he don't want to weigh down the plane with any musical instruments, especially a crate like this."

"Sure," Dion had said, taking the guitar and putting it with his own baggage.

Ritchie (*Continued on page 70*)

**Win the Magic Carpet Contest...**

# GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD...FREE!




**5 GRAND PRIZES:**

**2-WEEK ALL-EXPENSE VACATION FOR TWO**

anywhere you choose

via ***TWA***

**plus** $1000 spending money

**plus** $1000 bonus for your travel wardrobe if your entry includes the opening flap from a box of Kotex 48's.

**200 Second prizes**



$94.50 Polaroid® Land Cameras

Where in the world do you want to go? You name it—we'll arrange it! Two unforgettable weeks for 2 persons at the place you've always wanted to see—in far-off India or exotic Tahiti—in Africa, Europe, South America or fabulous Japan—any place in the free world you choose! You'll fly in luxurious TWA planes . . . stay at a deluxe hotel . . . eat like a queen and go sightseeing . . . all pre-arranged and paid for PLUS $1000 spending money.

Any of the 5 Grand Prize winners in this Kotex contest may take $4000 in cash.

Judging will be based on originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Winners will be notified by mail. Contest is limited to residents of the continental United States, its territories and possessions. Employees of Kimberly-Clark Corp., its advertising agencies and families are not eligible.

**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!**

Magic Carpet Contest,
Box 6535, Chicago 77, Ill.

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less:
Here's why I want to go to_____

*(name of place)*

_____

_____

_____

_____

*(use plain paper for your entry if you prefer)*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Enter as often as you wish! Enclose a Kotex opening flap with each entry. $1000 cash bonus to Grand Prize winners if flap included is from a box of Kotex 48's.

*Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Aug. 31, and received on or before Sept. 8, 1959*

Exciting new horizons await you in your modern world. How comforting to know that, wherever you are, new Kotex napkins bring you much longer protection, much better protection. The secret is . . . Kotex now has the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric greatly increases absorbency, makes Kotex softer, gentler . . . gives you perfect confidence at all times, both at home and away.



**New Kotex Napkins**—choice of most women

KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP.

# God willing, darling... we'll still have our baby...

*They had waited so long*

# *and hoped so hard when tragedy struck*





*On May 20th, in Switzerland, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer announced they were expecting a baby. In June, word came that Audrey had suffered a miscarriage.*

*So her bad year goes on. A troubled winter, a worse spring. And perhaps the two troubles connected. Audrey, frightened by her accident in Mexico, may have decided to have a baby as soon as possible, even though she wasn't yet strong enough.*

*Go back to that near-tragedy in Durango...*

The body in the bed looked like a child's body. Under the sheets, the slight, bony frame lay motionless; on the pillow, the small head was still. Only the wild, dark eyes shuddered, moving from shiny white ceiling to papered wall and back again.

Across the room, a doctor spoke in Spanish to a nurse, and the girl in the bed heard the words, but couldn't understand them. It didn't matter. She (*Continued on page 69*)

in the old days Hollywood was full of fast women—

now it's full of fast cars...

here's the inside on the stars, young and old, who blast off

# ...like man we just gotta GO!



Jill St. John and Dwayne Hickman




■ A low-slung silver Porsche Spyder was roaring along Highway 468, near Paso Robles, California, in 1955, when it crashed head on into a car driven by a college student.

The driver of the Porsche, James Dean, died on the way to the hospital. Two hours before the fatal (*Continued on page 72*)

GO!



Ricky Nelson



GO!

Paul Anka

*Nancy Sinatra is 18.*
*Since she was a little girl*
*her heart has been torn*
*by the question, Do I*
*have the most wonderful*
*father in the world—*
*or no father at all....*



# THE PAIN *and* THE PRIDE *of being* FRANKIE'S DAUGHTER

The pretty, dark-eyed girl lay on her bed, eyes staring across an empty room. On the phonograph a record revolved slowly and evenly. The voice of Frank Sinatra came steadily and sweetly from the voice box. He was singing the

*Copyright ©1945 by Williamson Music Inc., New York, N. Y.

*Soliloquy* from *Carousel* . . .*

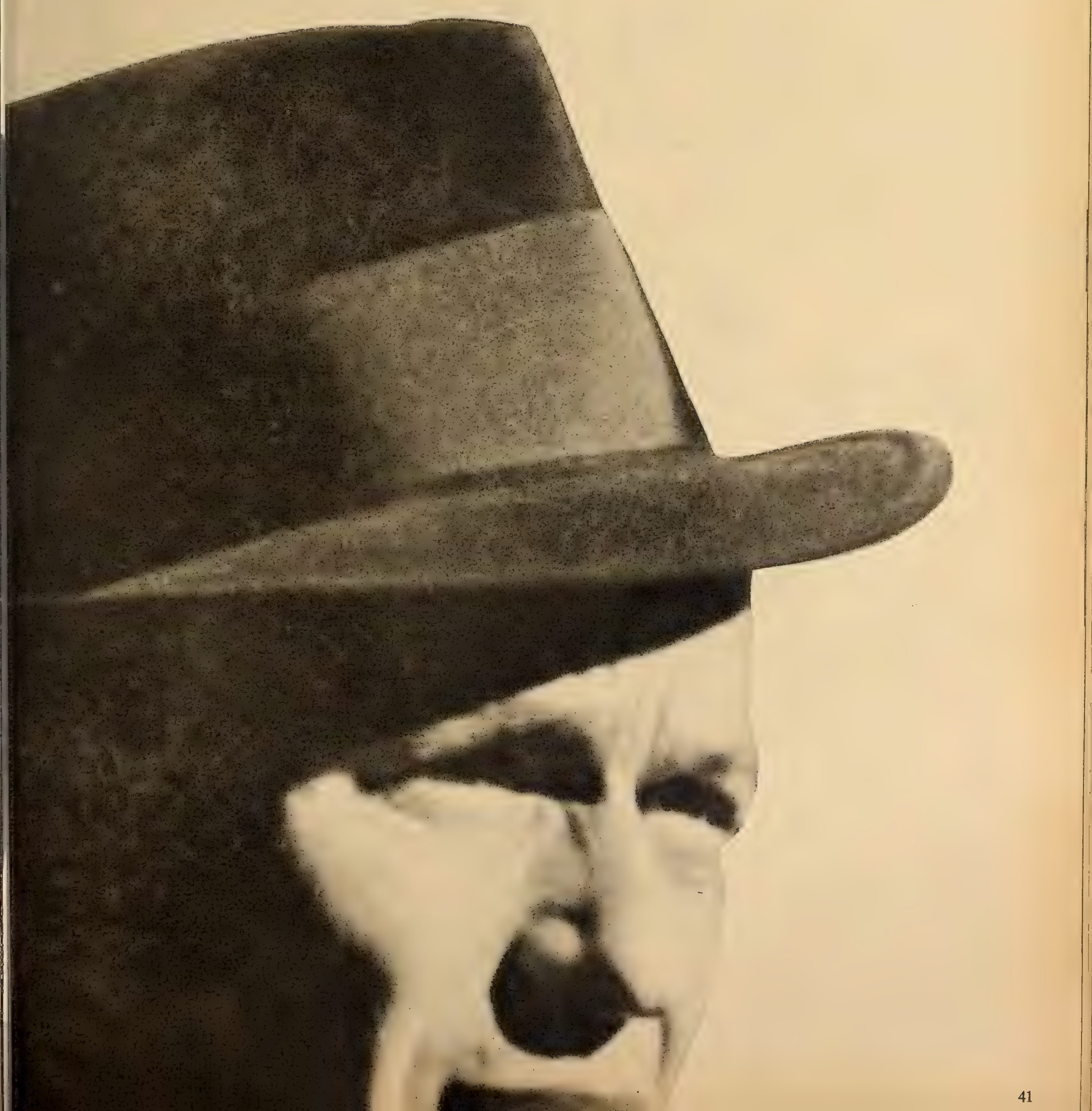
*My little girl,*
*Pink and sweet as peaches*
*and cream is she . . .*
*My little girl is half again as*
*bright*
*As girls were meant to be...*

Nancy Sinatra closed her eyes —partly to shut the already dim lights in the room from her sight—partly to shut out the deep loneliness in her heart.

For a long while, she lay there, not moving, not thinking—barely breathing. Her heart beat a lonely tattoo to the poignant strains of the music.

*Dozens of boys pursue her,*
*Many a likely lad*
*Tries his best to win her*
*From her faithful dad . .*

(*Continued on page 64*)



*As told to Helen Weller by a Member of the Wedding*

# THE WEDDING



**The big day was all confusion to Christopher, Mike, Jr., and little Liza Todd.**



■ The invitation to the wedding came by phone directly from Elizabeth and Eddie.

I was sitting in our den at home in Brentwood admiring our live oak tree and the way it curved so gently in the warm spring dusk when the phone rang. Eddie's voice came over distinctly from Las Vegas, bouncy and buoyant: "Elizabeth and I are writing our wedding list and we would like you and Prince Phillip to share our day with us if you can."

I could hear Elizabeth's light, gay voice in the background. "Even if you can't we want you to come!" she joked in bubbling good humor.

(*Continued on page 44*)





They had gone
to the Temple, but
understood very
little . . . the flower-covered canopy . . . the ceremony . . .



Nor did they
understand why
Mama was kissing
Uncle Eddie. . . .

# THE PRIVATE RECEPTION



When everyone rushed back to the house it was even more of a swirl.

(*Continued from page 42*) Eddie went on talking, his voice brimming with excitement and happiness. I managed to get a few words in edgewise in the half hour conversation which also dealt with some instructions for things that had to be done here in Los Angeles. "Eddie," I said, "you sound deliriously happy—happier than I've ever heard you in the eight years that I've known you."

"Glor," he said, "I've never known the meaning of happiness before. Elizabeth *is* my happiness. Count the letters in each word and you'll see what I mean. Those two words are synonymous with me."

That remark of Eddie's again echoed so many words and thoughts of his in the recent past. When I hung up I thought back to the change I'd seen in Eddie since he had discovered Elizabeth's love. Eddie, who in his previous marriage seemed so unfulfilled and uninspired, was speaking words of love and responding as unself-consciously as he was self-conscious before. When I mentioned this to my husband, Phillip commented: "Eddie was all bottled up before. He was stifling to death. Elizabeth uncorked the bottle and a giant is emerging." Then he added, "You know, a man grows when he is given *to*, and he shrinks when he is taken *from*."

After taking care of the matters requested by Eddie at our office in Beverly Hills, I packed my bag and flew to Las Vegas. I arrived in time for Eddie's closing performance of a six week engagement (*Continued on page 46*)



Mike Todd Jr. was rushing around wishing everyone "Mazeltov."

Liz's brother Howard Taylor and his wife, Moira were just beaming.



Mrs. Stupp and Mrs. Taylor were instantly close friends.

Little Liza was too overwhelmed to say anything at all.

Michael asked, "Mommy, why are we having a party?"







(*Continued from page 44*) at the plush Tropicana Hotel.

As I entered his dressing-room, the first person I saw was his mother, motherly-looking Mrs. Kate Stupp. She jumped out of her chair and hugged me warmly. We hadn't seen each other in two years, and we had a lot of 'catching up' to do. She kept thanking me for a huge blowup of a photo I had sent her of Eddie and his children, Carrie and Todd.

"Up until you sent me that picture, Gloria, I couldn't prove to my neighbors I had a grandson," she said. "Oh, they read about it all right, and they saw pictures in the magazines like I did, but imagine, I never had anything to frame or take out of my purse when friends asked me about my son's son. I just never did get a real picture till that one you sent with a note that Eddie wanted me to have it. I kept pestering him on the phone but I guess they were too busy or something. . . ." and her voice trailed off as she saw her Sonny come into the dressing room.

"Hi, Mom," said Eddie as he walked over and planted first a kiss on her cheek, then one on mine.

"Welcome to Wonderland," he said (*Continued on page 48*)

# THE DEPARTURE















(*Continued from page 46*) laughing, as he took off his jacket and sat down to talk. I'd never seen Eddie look so relaxed and happy. Memories of his rather rigid behavior B.E. (Before Elizabeth) tumbled through my mind. In the past he always seemed constantly apprehensive and was a mass of nerves. For the umpteenth time, I chalked a mental check in favor of Elizabeth's effect on my boss.

"When is Prince Phillip coming up?" Eddie asked. Kiddingly, he was using the royal prefix for my husband ever since I introduced Phillip to him as Prince Charming on my wedding day. Phillip and I, in turn, call them Queen Eliza-

# THE HONEYMOON









beth and Prince Edward.

I explained that Phillip would fly in for the wedding in the morning, expressing the hope that his plane would not be delayed as mine was. "If his plane is late," replied Eddie, "we'll just put off the wedding till he arrives."

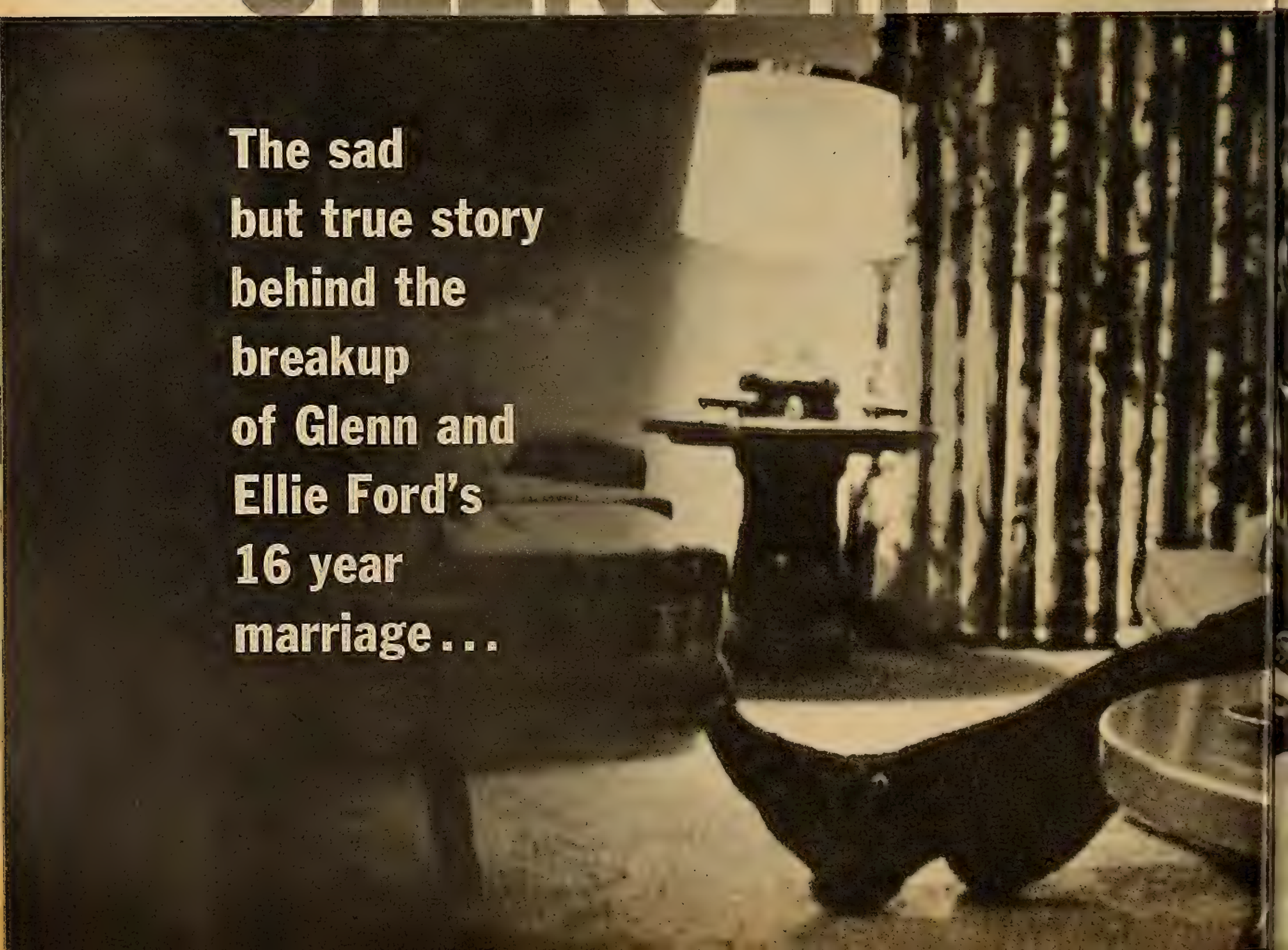
At that point, Eddie's father, Joseph Fisher, came in. Mr. Fisher is a quiet little man, and we shook hands warmly and expressed mutual pleasure at this reunion. We sat there talking easily about the happy event that was bringing us all together. The atmosphere was so affectionate you could almost touch it. Suddenly the private phone in Eddie's (*Continued on page 56*)



After yachting
around the
blue Mediterranean,
Liz and Eddie
stop off at Barcelona
then head for Paris
to meet the children.
Next month
Modern Screen,
with cameras loaded,
joins the
family honeymoon. . . .

# THE HOUSE OF SILENCE...

**The sad but true story behind the breakup of Glenn and Ellie Ford's 16 year marriage...**



THERE are few things in life more beautiful than a beautiful love.

There are few things sadder than a love—once beautiful—that has died.

This, unfortunately, is a sad story.

It is about Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell and the love they once shared.

Twenty-three-year-old

Glenn had never seen a Broadway musical before

And never, never had he seen a girl like this.

He *thought* he'd seen her. She'd been a top movie star these past five or six years, and—like millions of other people throughout the world—there wasn't a picture she'd danced and sung her way through that he'd missed.

But he realized now, seeing her in person, that she was even more terrific than he'd ever imagined.

And more beautiful.

So beautiful.

Towards the end of the show, Glenn made up his mind that he was going to meet Eleanor Powell—that night.

This was a pretty wild decision for a basically bashful guy. In fact, very wild!

This Glenn realized.

"But who cares?" he thought now, as he pictured the scene that would take place in her dressing room in a little while, as he began to plan what he would say.

"Miss Powell—" he would begin.

There would be no er's and

(*Continued on next page*)

**It had been one of the most romantic Hollywood weddings of its time . . . the bride was a top star . . . the groom was a marine. She gave up her career for love. She gave up the things she loved for love. And finally, in despair and loneliness, she gave up love itself.**



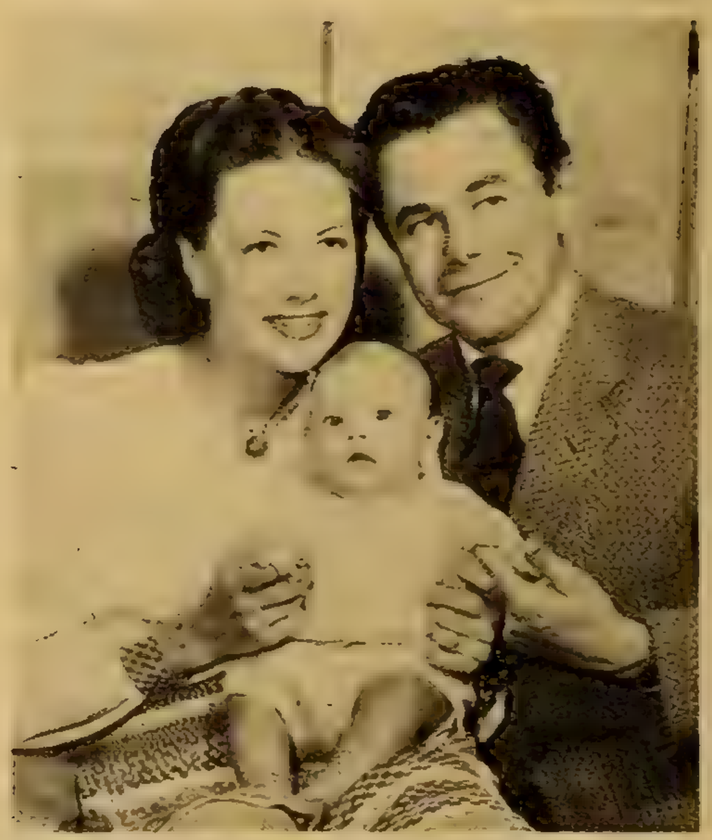
Eleanor backstage in London after a dazzling 37-minute continuous tap-dance performance .





↑ Immediately following the marriage, Ellie gave up her career to be just a housewife . . .

← The precious moment October 23, 1943, at the bride's home in Beverly Hills . . .



The proud moment in April, 1945, when Glenn, Ellie, and Peter posed for their first family portrait . . .

## THE HOUSE OF SILENCE continued

ahem's about it. He would get right to the point. First he would tell her how swell he thought she'd been in the show.

Then he would ask her if she'd like to come across the street with him and have a cup of coffee—and a piece of pie, too, or a sandwich, if she'd like.

"You see," he would say, "I'd like to talk to you . . . Oh, I know what you must be thinking, that this fellow is some sort of pest who goes around bothering people. But the fact is, well, I'm an actor, too. At least, I'm trying to be. I've been in a few plays myself—most of them flops, though. But (*Continued on page 62*)

# So You Want To Be A Singer!

(*Continued from page 25*)

stopped to see what was the matter. I was sitting on our front steps, and after he found out about Mrs. Palmeri and the baby, he asked me my name. "You know," he said, "you look a little like Rick Nelson. Do you sing?"

"Sure," I said, joking. "In the bathtub."

A month later, Bob came back. He said he couldn't put me out of his mind. He wanted to hear me sing. I saw him coming up the walk through the kitchen window. "Hey Ma," I said, "that crazy man's back again." I was all smudged with dirt from playing football, and I was washing my face in the sink.

I sang for him and sounded just like a jackass. But he wasn't discouraged.

"Umm," he said. "Possibilities. Lots of possibilities."

Well, I didn't want to put my faith in possibilities. But he did. He believed he could make me into a singing star. So, after a long talk with him, I decided "Why not?" It would be kicks—and I had little to lose except for a few months studying voice.

Once I made up my mind to do it, though, I went at it with everything that was in me. And this is what I'll tell anyone who wants to crash the music world. *Give it all you've got. You just can't make it halfway.*

Don't expect to be successful in a day. It took me months. Sometimes it takes longer. I was lucky because Bob also managed Frankie Avalon, and I became Frankie's protege. Still, I know if I didn't give it all my concentration and energy I could never have done it.

Now, I love it. It's a great business—once you're in and accepted. But it's hard on you; and just when you think you've had it, that you can't sing another note, you've got to have 'one more' practice session—'just one more.'

No, you don't have to have sensational singing ability to be a singer. You can learn. And the learning's a ball, if you take to music the way I did.

One last piece of advice: don't be too shy. Because if you want to be discovered, you have to make yourself seen and heard.

And if things don't work out, it's not the most terrible thing in the world. If something should happen to my career tomorrow, I say to myself, *Fabe, there are always girls, football, pizza pies and good picture shows!*

## TOMMY SANDS:

If you want to be a singer, be prepared to work.

I know everything seems so easy and effortless when a singer's up there on a spotlighted stage, flying high with a jazzy tune. But every minute of that apparent effortlessness has been rehearsed and rehearsed—until it's perfect.

Lots of gals and guys write to me about their talent and they ask my advice about coming to New York. Well, New York's the toughest nut of all to crack. I say, *Don't come to New York right away.* Train at home—or in a big city near your home. Get all the experience you can playing local dates.

I sang in many a dance hall and beer garden in Texas, Louisiana and Illinois before I made a step in the direction of the bigtime.

And when my big chance came, it was because another singer had heard me singing in some roadside clubs, and he suggested I try out for a role he couldn't accept on TV. That singer was King Elvis who told the TV people to get in touch with me. I auditioned. They liked me. And that was the way it started.

But all the experience I had from playing in front of those dance-hall audiences gave me the confidence I needed for that audience of long-faced TV bigwigs. Not that I wasn't scared! I doubt if a performer ever stops being scared. That old devil 'stage fright' is always knocking at your heart. But experience gives a performer some polish. It makes the stage fright a little easier—if you know what I mean. Sure, the butterflies are there in your stomach playing tag. But from experience you learn you have to go out there and do the show—and to do the best you can. You don't let the butterflies get you down.

But local experience doesn't only give a singer *confidence.* It gave me a *chance to develop my style,* to find the most comfortable way of singing for myself. I wasn't afraid to experiment occasionally with local audiences to see how they reacted to different songs. But when you're in the bigtime you can't play guessing games. Everything's got to be perfect.

Today, the entertainment business is booming. It needs new faces and talents, and there's nothing as exciting as a 'new discovery.' This gives fresh lifeblood to the singing world.

But the important thing to remember always is this: *singers aren't only born—they're made!*

Nowadays a good voice isn't enough. You have to be willing to work—yes, *slave*—at achieving your goal. But, if you're not afraid of work, you'll find the field challenging and exciting. To tell the truth, I'm glad I was born poor and had to work for everything because I've found out work builds character—and in order to survive in this world we need plenty of it.

Maybe I sound preachy, and I don't mean to. But I want to be fair about what a person should expect in the singing business. Now, if you really want to sing, you'll take advantage of every chance you get. Above all, don't underestimate the power of your own home town. Develop your voice and style there. Then take a crack at the bigtime.

And lots of luck to you!

## BOBBY DARIN:

I came into singing via a detour. I was interested in songwriting, and when I was in my teens I had a mania for banging out tunes by the dozen. I'd sit at the old-fashioned upright piano in our apartment on East 135th Street in the Bronx and dream up what I called 'happy music.'

I wasn't very confident about my songs. But I had fun writing them. And I told the guys in my gang about them, even played some of them at neighborhood hops and get-togethers. This is where Lady Luck tapped my shoulder.

One of the neighborhood guys liked some of the songs. "They're pretty good for a beginner, Bobby," he kept telling me. One day he told someone about them who in turn mentioned my songwriting to someone else. Before you knew it, George Scheck (who's Connie Francis' manager) heard about me. He wanted new material for Connie. I played him my songs, and he said he liked them. He also said he liked the way I sang them. "Bobby," he finally told me, "do you know you're a singer—as well as a songwriter?"

"Aw, cut it out," I said.

"Nope," he continued. "I'm not pulling your leg. I'd be the last person to encourage somebody in this cut-throat business. But you have a natural singing talent, and I'd like to see you develop it."

Well, George gave me plenty of confidence—and encouragement. And I was lucky, believe me, to have one of my first records, *Million Dollar Baby,* climb the sales charts to top twenty tunes. But I was such a novice in the business I didn't know how to follow it up. One hit record doesn't make a singer.

So then I decided if I was going to be a singer I had to give singing all my attention. I studied, learned breathing, how to use my voice without hurting it. Also, I figured it wouldn't be wrong to associate with people in the business. Harriet Wasser, a good friend of mine, calls them 'ego builders.' They're the people who give you pats on the back and tell you to keep up the good work.

But while you're studying, there's little money coming in, and lots of friends desert you. Still, there are always some people who really care, and you find out who your *real* friends are when you're down and out.

One girl I knew called me up and said, "Bobby, I know you haven't had a hit record. And maybe you're broke. So why don't we have dinner together—on me!"

I was bowled over. I was penniless, borrowing money to keep up with my singing studies, hoping I'd have another hit soon—and, naturally, I didn't have much opportunity to date. I lived with my mom and she gave me room and board. But it wasn't fair to ask her for spending money, too. Anyway, she didn't have much.

So when the girl called, I broke down and bawled like a kid. I didn't know people could be so decent when a fellow was on his heels. I said no, I couldn't have dinner. I was ashamed to have her take me out. But she insisted. I refused. Yet she called again and again. Finally one day when she called I said okay, and we went to the Floridian, a steak-and-potatoes place here in New York and I sat across from her and told her all about my ambitions and dreams.

I say she was Lady Luck No. 2 because later that week I recorded *Splish Splash* which caught on overnight.

But, still, it hasn't always been smooth sailing. Why? Well, a singer's always thinking of his next record, wondering if it's all right, if it'll please his listeners.

So if you want to be a singer, be sure you have friends. Because these are the people who will listen to your heartaches and woes, and they're the ones who'll give you confidence to keep at it—even when the going is roughest.

And keep your fingers crossed for luck!

## CONNIE FRANCIS:

I've had over three hundred auditions, and only three of them clicked. But I learned one thing: nobody in this business is indispensable. There are hundreds and hundreds of other singers who are great. I heard them sing at the auditions, and they were wonderful.

So, the best way to come into the singing field is with a level head. Once you think you know it all, you're finished before you begin. Come in with both eyes and ears open, and you'll discover more than you imagined about the singing-dream in your heart.

First, be yourself. Don't rely on a gimmick for a career. A trick or two

with your voice is all right so long as you have the talent and training to back it up later. I used a gimmick—a rhythm beat on the old ballad *Who's Sorry Now*—and it helped me have my first hit. But I never stopped training.

Then find someone who's an *honest* critic, someone who isn't afraid to tell you the *truth*. My dad's been mine. He gives me heart-to-heart criticism which sometimes is hard to take. He'll say, "Connie, you weren't natural with that gesture. You looked like an oddball." Or, "Connie, you're trying to put on a big glamour act with that dyed red hair—and it just isn't you." Or, "When you sing that song, you walk so funny—like you're walking on eggs. Stand still instead."

And you know something? Every time he's right. Perry Como's wife is his critic. Rick Nelson has his dad. Jimmie Rodgers has his wife, Colleen. People who are close to you have your best interests at heart, and I guess this is why they have the strength to say the truth.

So, if you're planning a musical career, listen to somebody whom you respect. And follow their comments.

Next, don't be a phony. Today a phony can be spotted in a minute. Look at Dinah Shore, Dick Clark and Pat Boone. They're all so sincere. Isn't that why we love them? Me, I made a big bubu on TV after *Who's Sorry Now* became a hit. I'd had some experience with TV from my *Star-time* appearances. But when the emcees started introducing me as a *star* on the Sunday night variety shows, I forgot everything I knew and I started acting like another person. There was such a tension to being a star—and it took me months before I realized I was making a fool of myself. Now I know I must be true to my own personality—and this is why I can enjoy a conversation with a cabdriver or a senator. I'm just myself, and I feel comfortable.

Above all, have a spotless reputation. Be above-board in everything you do, and, believe me, this will get you places. All this talk about shady dealings behind the scenes in show-business is for the has-beens. Don't be taken in by the sordid hucksters who'll promise you the sky. Do a little sleuthing on your own. Find out about them from people they work with. Otherwise you can ruin your dream of a career by being involved in underhanded shenanigans.

So seek out honest people—and work with them.

Last, but certainly not least, try to develop a distinctive singing style. Everybody's who's been successful has developed one (Frank Sinatra, Joni James, Frankie Laine). If you sound like everyone else, nothing'll ever happen to you.

There are plenty of great singers around, and the reason some of them don't make it is they sound like so many other singers. Find a style that's a little different yet comfortable for you; and do your darndest to develop it.

And I predict I'll be seeing you on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand* in no time!

**END**

*Fabian will soon be seen in* THE HOUND DOG MAN *for 20th-Fox.*

# The Bittersweet Life of a Teenage Model

(*Continued from page 30*)

bubbling young woman, she seemed even prettier than the photo. She was about twelve, with big brown eyes, soft wavy hair, clear complexion, a round angelic face. She was dressed simply but smartly, and I was very much impressed. She had a quiet reserve, poise, confidence.

We discussed her potential as a model, and I agreed to take her on as a Conover girl. She agreed to shortening her name, for professional use, to Dee.

We had other child models on our list, but there was something about Sandra that made her stand out. Perhaps it was a high intelligence, perhaps it was her frank eagerness to succeed, perhaps it was her tremendous personality.

She caught on fast as a model. She listened carefully to instructions, did as told, learned quickly. Soon she quit school at Bayonne, and transferred to the Professional Children's School in midtown New York. This is the school specializing in arranging studies for actors and actresses, including correspondence courses, so that they can take jobs during the daytime. I think it costs about $500 a year.

Like all models and actresses of school age (under eighteen) she had to keep up with her school work. She knew she would be in trouble at school and we would have to stop sending her out on jobs if she had low marks. Fortunately, Sandra was bright, and we never had to worry.

I suspect she was so bright, she was able to do her school studies quickly and then wait breathlessly for us to send her out on assignments. Incidentally, assignments were not jobs, really. An assignment meant there was a job waiting for the girl who could qualify. Sometimes two or three girls showed up for the same job; sometimes twenty or thirty girls were auditioned for the same job. That meant the job went to the girl who made the strongest impression, and the other girls would then leave, brokenhearted.

The ferocious competition for these well-paying jobs (as photographic models or as actresses in TV commercials) sometimes turned these young girls into little vixens.

But with Sandra, there were virtually no problems. She was a fine girl—except for two peculiarities: she insisted on walking her little blonde Pomeranian Tiki before rushing off to appointments, and she persisted in considering herself fat.

Walking her Pomeranian meant she was sometimes late for appointments, and the studios had to penalize her by deducting from her fee.

### A natural beauty

Now Sandra had a round face, but she was not fat nor was she skinny. She was quite normal for her age. I used to try to explain to her that the old concept of haggard, gaunt, pencil-thin models was passe, and that the trend was toward believable natural beauty. And Sandra was certainly a natural beauty.

But, unfortunately, a couple of receptionists, where Sandra reported for work, were stupid enough to remark in her presence that she was 'too fat.'

Sandra then had an 18- or 19-inch waist, and a trim little figure; but she believed that she was 'too fat' and stopped eating.

Naturally, her parents and I were flabbergasted. We tried to persuade her that she was all right; but she just wouldn't eat, and started to lose weight. She became nervous and fretful, and we were afraid she would come down with tuberculosis or mononucleosis.

So we had to figure out tricks to get her to eat. For instance, we kept a chart of appointments for our models in my office. When Sandra arrived, she would beg to see the chart and check her bookings and compare them to the other girls'.

So I began to hide the chart and say, "Sandy, first, you've got to drink a malted!"

She would frown and protest. But I would insist, and then offer a glass of malted milk with an egg in it. She would sip it slowly, complaining, "But I'm so fat!"

Only after she drank the last drop would we permit her to see the chart.

Fortunately, Sandra did not smoke. There are teen models who smoke because they think smoking will cut their appetites and help keep them thin. But Sandra—aside from her refusal to eat properly—was health conscious and she went to sleep early, got proper rest, avoided parties, watched her complexion.

Our trouble with Sandra's poor eating habits reached a climax when I sent her—along with Lorna Gillam and Peggy Bishop—to the Hal Reiff studios, to pose for a set of color photos intended for *Young Set Magazine*.

It was a classroom scene, and photographer Reiff worked quickly to arrange the complicated poses. Suddenly, Sandra gasped, "I have to sit down," and slumped to the floor.

She was helped to the chair and revived; but she could not continue to work. The color had drained from her face, and she seemed terribly ill.

Reiff called off the session, and phoned me to complain that I had sent him a sick model and that he'd never hire her again.

Sandra's mother of course rushed her to the doctor, who found that she was anemic and suffering from malnutrition. He ordered her to take pills for her blood and pills to build up her appetite.

But Sandra developed a new quirk: She thought vitamin pills were a substitute for food.

Her mother would say: "Sandy, did you take your vitamins?" Sandra would say, "Yes." Mother would then ask, "Did you eat?" Sandra would then become exasperated and exclaim, "But, mother, I *had* my pills."

This would go on and on.

### Killing her career

News of Sandra's fainting got around, and mothers of other teen models, intensely jealous of Sandra's success, spread reports that Sandra was 'always sick.' They tried to kill off her career. As a result, Sandra lost out on quite a few jobs. Prospective employers were reluctant to hire somebody who might quite literally fall down on the job.

But Sandra, with great tenacity, wouldn't give up. She made every appointment count, and she managed. With time, she re-established herself as a reliable model.

I don't believe Sandra has ever recovered her appetite. The other week in Hollywood, I discovered, makeup artist Bud Westmore offered Sandra a new special lipstick . . . on condition she first drink a glass of malted milk. And Sandra tried, but just couldn't down the milk.

Through all her troubles, Sandra was stoic. I never saw her whimper. She was always the silent type. If you told her something she did not want to hear, she just sat, stony faced. She didn't argue back. She just resisted.

Being a model isn't quite all fun. It's hard work. It means rushing through school work in order to have time to go on model assignments. It means worrying about weight, complexion, clothes, health, personality. It means having no time for boys, parties, girlfriends, lazying around, listening to records. It means a lot of

rushing, hopping cabs, gulping food in cabs, remembering 'do's' and 'don't's' of modeling, straining to say the right things at the right time, knowing how to meet adults. It requires stamina, long hours on your feet, getting stiff from holding a pose, endless waiting and endless walking.

Sandra, I must say, took to modeling easily. She noticed everything; understood everything (except the need to eat properly). She knew what she wanted (to be a great model and then a great actress).

Once, when I realized she was so tired, I asked her, "Sandy, why do you want to take on so many jobs? Why don't you relax and stop working so hard?"

She looked me straight in the eye, and said, "Mrs. Conover, you gave me this opportunity . . . and I just can't miss it. I want to prove myself! I want to be the best teen model in the business!"

Around the Conover office, she was quiet and serious faced. But when she got to the ad agency or the photo studio to audition for a job, she became a different person. She sparkled; she became animated; she captivated everybody. She learned her script quickly; she followed directions carefully; she was a perfectionist. As a result, she landed more jobs.

By the time she was thirteen, she was being hailed in the fashion world as one of America's top ten models. She appeared on many national magazine covers.

As with other models, she was required to be able to portray a girl three years younger and three years older than herself. In other words, she had to have a range of six years of expression—with the aid of makeup and dress, of course. Sandra was very good. She knew, almost instinctively, how to model. When she was barely fifteen, she modeled once as a young mother holding an infant.

Like most of our other teen models, Sandra was a good student and got fine marks. She was very good in English and social studies, but hated geometry.

But, unlike most other girls her age, she was not boy crazy. The other girls yakked all the time about handsome young actors they had seen backstage on TV (they preferred actors to male models) but Sandra seemed bored with that. She'd wander away to a corner to read a book or magazine, or chat with her mother. Her mother, of course, was her constant companion.

Not having brothers or sisters, Sandra was close to her mother and father, and accustomed to adult conversation. Her ease with grown-up talk was a great asset when she went out on assignments, and had to deal with ad agency executives and famous photographers.

She did not mix too well with the other models her age. Not that she was snobbish. She was not. But she felt they were too aggressive, and she was especially appalled at aggressive mothers.

Her father had warned her he would take her out of modeling if she ever became swell-headed or bratty. And he had urged her, "Never go looking for anything, Sandy . . . Let things happen."

I know Sandra never did like the "pushing routine," as she called it. She deplored young models viewing each other as rivals rather than as friends. She was shocked to see how they lied to each other about jobs because they feared the other would try to cut in on a pending assignment.

I remember how horrified Sandra was at the mother of a girl who was growing tall. The mother feared the girl's tallness would cheat the girl out of jobs, so she warned the girl not to stretch, to slouch rather than stand straight, and to smoke so she could stunt her growth.

Because of the suspicions and outright hostility among some of the models, Sandra preferred to withdraw rather than to force friendships. In fact, I believe Sandra made only one real friend during her two years with Conover. She became chummy with Lorna Gillam, who's now a top Conover Television Girl and currently one of the regulars on the NBC *Too Young to Go Steady* program. Sandra phones her from Hollywood for long chats.

Every day Sandra grew prettier. When she first came to us, she was a pre-teen size 12, and soon she had grown into a junior 9. But she was never satisfied with her figure. She said once that, when she finally arrived at a really good figure, she would wear only sheaths.

Like other girls her age, she went in for fads, like the time she decided to have steak for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

But most of the time Sandra ate poorly. I understand that in Hollywood Sandra now has a routine of milk for breakfast; hamburger and head of lettuce for lunch; and steak, vegetables and fruit for dinner. Even this is not bad, but there are periods when she cannot tolerate steak.

When she was with our agency, she sometimes carried a head of lettuce in her bag, she would peel off lettuce leaves and eat them while riding to modeling dates.

Sandra did very well, financially, when she was with us. Just before she went to Hollywood, she said she had earned $78,000 in 1956 from modeling and TV acting.

Obviously, she made plenty of money. I have several teen models today that earn more than $35,000 a year . . . and I can't help wondering: "Are they really happy?"

I know that Sandra had no time for boys while she was a model. She admitted, when she got to Hollywood, that she had never dated a boy in her life. The boys she met at school seemed so young and immature . . . and boring. The older boys shunned her as too young. So she kept busy with her studies and career.

I believe the only tragedy in her young life came when her beloved gay father died on Sept. 11, 1956, of a heart attack. A week later she had an appointment to audition for Ross Hunter, who was seeking a girl to co-star with John Saxon in *The Wonderful Years.*

She tried to break the appointment, but remembered her father's admonition, "Always be courteous," and in fact Hunter had to come in from Hollywood to see her.

So she saw Hunter and he gave her a script and said, "Please read it." She agreed, "Yes . . . if you give me ten minutes to study it first."

She had enough experience to know she should never read out loud a script she had not at least read through once.

So her reading for Hunter was excellent and she was flown to Hollywood the very next day for a film test. She was signed to a contract, winning over four hundred other girls who had read for the part.

We are proud of many teen models who have passed through our agency doors—Joan Caulfield, Patti McCormack, Pat Crowley, Vanessa Brown, Joanne Dru, Phillis Kirk, Nina Foch and France Nuyen. But I must admit that I remember Sandra Dee as something special.

It's not that she's already made half a dozen movies and is being hailed as a discovery. It's because she is gracious, and does not forget her friends.

When she settled in Hollywood, she sent me a note:

*I enjoy making movies, and recall you were the first to predict a movie career for me. I shall be grateful to you, and shall always remember the happy days at Conover's.*

*As I've told you before, I feel Conover's will always be my first love.*

Yes, Sandra, the feeling is mutual. **END**

*Sandra's currently in U-I's* IMITATION OF LIFE *and can soon be seen in Warner Bros.* A SUMMER PLACE.

# can you qualify as a teen-age model?

*If you want to be a teen model and TV actress, as Sandra Dee was, you should have:*

Widely spaced eyes;

Small nose, hands and feet; a generous mouth;

A smile that starts in the eyes rather than in the mouth;

Shining hair (not bleached or dyed);

Clear skin;

Trim, but not voluptuous, figure;

A waist 10 to 12 inches smaller than bust or hips;

Medium height (five-foot to five-foot-seven, in flats);

Clear, no-accent diction;

Radiant good health;

Outgoing personality and ability to meet people graciously;

Good marks at school;

Patience; willingness to work hard and follow directions.

# Liz And Eddie's Wedding Day

(*Continued from page 49*)

dressing room trilled, and Eddie answered. His face lit up and he exchanged endearments for a moment, then he said, "No, your mother's not here yet, Elizabeth." Then, after a slight pause, he said, "Oh, oh, you mean *my* mother. . . . yes, she's here. Here, Mom, Elisheba wants to talk to you," he said, using the Hebrew name for Elizabeth.

While Mrs. Stupp and Elizabeth talked, Eddie turned to his father and said, "Do you know what my future wife just said? When she asked me if Mom was here, I automatically said, 'No your mother's not here yet, Elizabeth,' thinking she meant *her* mom. And do you know what Elisheba said to me—she said, 'Don't be so dense, darling—we have two mothers now.' How about that?" he said, bursting with pride.

**The day they gave happiness away**

Bernie Rich, Eddie's close friend and business associate, came in with a list of names of the gang at the Tropicana who wanted Eddie's autograph and copies of his latest album.

"Call Bob Yorke of RCA Victor, when you get back," Eddie told me, "and see that all these people get an album."

He huddled quietly with Bernie for a few moments, and suddenly there was a burst of song from Eddie.

*"I'm getting married in the morning . . . Ding, Dong, the bells are goin' to chime . . .* We all collapsed with laughter.

Bernie said something about the wedding rings being ready and engraved. This started a discussion about who should hold the rings and just what the procedure would be at the Temple. Joe Schoenfeld, vice-president of the William Morris Agency, to whom Eddie is under contract, entered at that point and calmly quieted Eddie's concern about the rings.

"The matron of honor holds the bride's ring, the best man holds the groom's," he explained. Then Bernie, apparently unable to keep his secret from the happy group, pulled out the two small white and gold boxes and waved them in the air. Eddie made a grab for them but Bernie said, "Uh, uhhh . . . not till tomorrow."

"Okay," said Eddie, "but can I just hold them in my hand for a while? You can give them to Moira (Mrs. Howard Taylor) and Michael (Todd, Jr.) when they come. I won't peek at the inscriptions anyway." Suddenly his face broke into a proud smile. "Tomorrow's the day—the day they give happiness away at Beth Sholom." Then he burst into another chorus, *I'm getting married in the morning. . . .*

Eddie's mother looked at me, I looked at her and we put our heads together.

**Never seen Sonny happier**

"In all my life," she whispered, "I have never seen Sonny so happy. Don't you feel the whole atmosphere around Eddie is different, Gloria? Different as night and day?"

I nodded agreement and said, "Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Stupp went on, "About the phone call—Elizabeth's mother is at the ranch and wanted to know if I could visit them at their home after the wedding. I told her I would love to but I was going down to Florida to see my youngest daughter, Eileen, and her husband Herb Small."

She added slowly, "Elizabeth's parents are such lovely people—so fine and so friendly. I was worried when I left Philadelphia, about meeting Elizabeth. The papers and magazines made her sound so sophisticated and cold. But when Sonny called me to invite me here, she got on and I had a feeling right away that she wasn't cold and sophisticated at all. Eddie said to me on the phone: 'Mom, we're going to get married in ten days and we want you to be here with us.' I told Eddie I wouldn't fly, and when he told this to Elizabeth who was at his side, she took the phone away and said, 'Mother, you can come by train, can't you?'

"I know it sounds silly, but I got all choked up when she said that . . . because I knew that minute that *she* really wanted me to be there. It wasn't just Eddie who wanted me, it was Elizabeth too. I told them I would be there as soon as I could.

**The first meeting**

"Elizabeth insisted that I wire them exactly. I did. But I never expected that when I arrived in Las Vegas at four o'clock that Saturday afternoon that my son and Elizabeth would be at the train station to meet me. They were waving and running towards me, holding hands like two children. Eddie hugged me and tried to lift me up in the air, but I was squirming and laughing too much.

"Later, when Eddie and I were alone he told me something that made me realize the kind of girl Elizabeth really is. He told me that because it was rather early in the Las Vegas day to be going to the station, he had assigned Willard, his valet of many years, to meet me at the station. He then said, 'Elizabeth had called and wanted to know what to wear that day.' Eddie said, 'To wear with what, sweetheart?' She said to him, 'To meet your mother, of course. I don't want to wear slacks meeting her for the first time. I think I'll wear my lavender linen dress.' Then when Eddie told her he had arranged for Willard to pick me up, she proceeded to scold him out lovingly, and told him to get shaved, dressed in something that would go nice with lavender and pick her up pronto because *they* were going to pick me up themselves!

"When Eddie told me this my heart was so full of happiness I found tears coming to my eyes. 'Oh, Mom,' Eddie said to me, 'Come on—I told you she was as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside.'

"I told Eddie I was anxious for Elizabeth to like me because I loved her before I even met her. Eddie smiled at me. I explained to him that I loved Elizabeth from the moment he called me in Philadelphia several months ago to tell me he was the happiest man on earth.

"You know, Gloria," Mrs. Stupp said softly, "a mother likes to see a son succeed —but fame and money are not happiness for a mother. The way Eddie's voice sounded that day gave me more happiness than I've known in years."

**"Don't break up my mom"**

Mrs. Stupp continued: "That wasn't all, Gloria. The next day was Sunday. They let me sleep late to rest from the trip. I had a room next to Sonny's at the Tropicana and he came in about three in the afternoon and said, 'Mom, Elizabeth just called and wants to know when you'd like to go over for dinner.' 'Any time you say,' I told Sonny. He replied, 'No, Mom, any time *you* say.'

"So I said how about six o'clock and Eddie said, 'Okay, we'll check with the boss of the ranch.' Eddie got Elizabeth on the phone and said, 'Baby, Mom says six o'clock for dinner.' Again, Elizabeth asked to speak with me. I took the phone. Then she said, 'Mom, I'm glad I'm going to be your daughter.' Well, I just cried right there and couldn't say anything. Eddie grabbed the phone. 'If you don't stop breaking up my mother I'm going to beat you, you beautiful doll. We'll be there at five-thirty, darling. Bye from both of us.'

"Because of the trip and the excitement and everything, I completely forgot that it was Mother's Day. But Eddie and Elizabeth didn't forget. Elizabeth put me at the head of the table. There was a corsage at my plate and a pretty box on my chair. Elizabeth and Eddie hugged me and kissed me and said, 'Happy Mother's Day, Mom, we love you.'

"Elizabeth pinned the orchids on me while Eddie opened the champagne. He gave me a glass and said, 'Speech—speech.' I was trying to hold back the tears again, but I just couldn't do it. Between sobs I told them this was the happiest Mother's Day of my life. It had been exactly twelve years since I had celebrated Mother's Day with my Sonny. And now in addition to having the most wonderful son in the world, I have the most beautiful, thoughtful daughter in the world.

"I opened my gift. It was a lovely pearl beaded bag from France which Elizabeth said she hoped I would carry at the wedding.

"We sat there talking about Sonny. Elizabeth wanted to know all about his early years and asked me for pictures of him when he was a little boy. I promised I would send them to her. Eddie had to leave us to go over to one of the hotels to substitute for Teresa Brewer who was ill. Elizabeth said, 'Don't get too tired, darling.' Eddie said, 'Stop nagging, darling. I promise not to sing above a high C!' He went out whistling happily.

"I have never—never," said Mrs. Stupp, "seen my boy so happy. Elizabeth has given him new life."

**Meet Mrs. Fisher-to-be**

On Monday night, closing night, Eddie arranged for a party for all of his guests. We all sat at a front table with Elizabeth at the head so Eddie could see her from the stage. He sang beautifully and directed all his songs to Elizabeth. It was a very gay, emotion-packed night. People were lined up four deep at the back of the theatre-restaurant because there weren't enough seats to accommodate the crowd.

At the end of his performance Eddie sang "our song"—*There's a Place For Us,* never for an instant taking his eyes from Elizabeth's eyes. Seeing the two of them look at each other so adoringly, so intimately, it was as though they forgot the crowd in the room.

The people wouldn't let him go. He came back and said he was going to sing *Yiddisha Momma,* dedicating it to all the *"meshpoochah* (in-laws) here tonight"! The audience insisted on his introducing Elizabeth. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, first I want to introduce a very fine gentleman and friend, Michael Todd, Jr., who came all the way from Granada, Spain, to be my best man tomorrow." Todd took a brief bow and smiled at Eddie.

Then Eddie said, "Ladies and gentlemen and Mrs. Fisher-to-be . . ." The spotlight swung to Elizabeth who stood up briefly and smiled at the crowd, throwing a kiss to Eddie. The crowd applauded wildly and stamped their feet, and Elizabeth had to rise another two times. Finally, she looked over at Nat Brandwynne, the conductor, and asked him to start the music. . .

I rose early the morning of the wedding. It was a clear, hot desert day, but loads of members of the press were around. They were waiting for the Rogers and Cowan publicity girl, Pat Newcomb, who was to give them information about the time and place of the wedding. They were also try-

ing to arrange to be present in the Temple during the ceremony.

I drove out to McCarran Airport to meet Rabbi Max Nussbaum's plane. Stepping down the plane ramp with a briefcase in his hand and a broad smile on his pleasant, vigorous face, he said, "Aha, some people *do* get up in Las Vegas before dark." While we waited for his luggage we went over some of the plans for the day. His secretary, Thelma Cohen, had given me a book and an envelope to bring to Rabbi Nussbaum.

As we drove to the Tropicana, Rabbi Nussbaum declared he was happy to be able to officiate at the wedding. I replied, "We all are, Dr. Nussbaum." I explained that some people had expressed some doubt about Elizabeth's sincerity in becoming converted to the Jewish faith, and he was shocked. He asked me, "Do these doubters question my integrity in this matter? I am a Rabbi of Israel. I could not receive anyone into our faith if I felt there was the slightest doubt of sincerity on the part of the convert. Elizabeth was so eager to learn everything, she kept notes on paper and asked me to spell out certain words phonetically so she could pronounce them properly. I remember getting a call from Eddie one day in which he advised me that he was learning about his religion all over again from Elizabeth. They went over the books together, read aloud to each other and worked out little quizzes. Believe me, my dear, anyone who doubts Elizabeth is doubting me. But we must not let the uninformed spoil the gladness of this day."

After checking Dr. Nussbaum into the hotel, I went out to do a few chores. When I returned to the hotel the press members were still around waiting. Pat Newcomb had informed them that it was Elizabeth's wish that the ceremony and reception be limited to personal friends and family, but that they had set aside a half hour after the ceremony for the press.

In the meantime, Eddie had gone down to get his divorce, insisting once again that the reason for his divorce action be kept confidential in sealed papers. Then Elizabeth joined him to apply for the license.

Eddie returned to his suite at the Tropicana for last minute preparations, Elizabeth to her ranch. That was about 3:00 p.m. Dick Hanley, Elizabeth's personal aide, told me that Elizabeth said she wanted to dress leisurely for her wedding, so that the wedding which had originally been scheduled for three was now advanced to five o'clock.

With Elizabeth when she was preparing for her wedding were her mother, her sister-in-law, Moira, and her MGM hairdresser and good friend, Sidney Guilaroff.

Meanwhile, Eddie in his suite was surrounded by Milton Blackstone, his manager-partner, Bernie Rich, Martin Gang, his lawyer, and Joe Schoenfeld, Eddie's business agent. There were conferences and phone calls and wedding member names on the paging system of the hotel all afternoon long. An electric excitement pervaded the air.

During this time I was with Dr. Nussbaum who asked me to come to his suite to meet Rabbi Bernard Cohen of the Las Vegas Temple Beth Sholom where the ceremony was to be performed. Dr. Cohen showed me the lovely wedding certificate and asked me get some white satin ribbon to tie the certificate loosely before presenting it to Elizabeth and Eddie after the ceremony. Dr. Nussbaum then showed me an anthology called *Marrage and Family Life—a Jewish View*, and on the flyleaf he had written this inscription: *To Elizabeth and Eddie I dedicate my chapter on page 45. I love you both, Rabbi Max Nussbaum.* The other book was a gift from Temple Israel of Hollywood to all newlyweds.

While I wrapped the books, Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen sat down to fill out the wedding certificate. The phone rang. It was Pat Newcomb calling to find out which door Elizabeth should enter at the Temple. Rabbi Nussbaum asked if any *yamulkas* (skullcaps) had been provided for the male guests. He was told that Elizabeth had had Dick Hanley buy some on Fairfax Avenue in Hollywood for the wedding, a week before.

"Good," he replied. "Then everything is easy already."

Then Bernie Rich called the rabbi to ask which door Eddie should enter at the Temple and whether it would be all right for Eddie to wear a pale blue tie instead of the traditional white one.

When all that had been confirmed, Rabbi Nussbaum asked me to take the books and certificate to the Temple since I was already dressed for the wedding, and he would be along with Rabbi Cohen in twenty minutes.

Before I left I asked Rabbi Nussbaum if I could take pictures in the Temple.

"Yes, of course," he replied graciously. "Before or after the ceremony, but not during." I requested some pictures of him with Elizabeth and Eddie and he replied, "Thank you, it is a day to be remembered and recorded."

### With them the best

I stopped off at my suite to pick up my camera and went off to the Temple. It was 4:30 now, and as I stepped out of the hotel I could feel the dry desert heat of 100 degrees through my light pink silk dress. The doorman looked at my veiled hat and furrowed his brow for a moment. Then he said, "Oh yes, today's the wedding!


# $150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

**1. I LIKE ARTHUR GODFREY:**

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**3. I LIKE SUSAN KOHNER:**

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**4. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:**

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**5. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:**

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**6. I LIKE DION:**

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**7. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:**

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
**I READ:** [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

*(see other side)*

Please do me a favor. Wish Eddie the best for me. He's a great guy and deserves the most beautiful girl in the world."

When I arrived at Temple Beth Sholom, on the fringe of residential Las Vegas, there were crowds of people clustered around the front entrance, the only spot around the still unlandscaped Temple's grounds that afforded any shade from the hot sun. There were many children and women, a few men and uniformed Las Vegas police dressed nattily in slate blue uniforms.

I walked through the clusters of people and told the guard I was a member of the wedding bringing some things for Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen. He let me in quickly. There were more guards inside. I left the certificate and books on Rabbi Cohen's study desk, and sat down to wait. Shortly, Dick Hanley and Pat Newcomb arrived and Dick said in surprise, "Didn't you bring Rabbi Nussbaum with you?"

I explained both rabbis were on their way in another car and would be here shortly. Guests had been gathering in the Temple. Dick Hanley escorted me up the aisle and began to seat me on the bride's side. I indicated the opposite side and Dick grinned widely and seated me with the guests of the groom on the right side. I was in the aisle seat of the second row with Bernie Rich and his wife, Margie. Milton Blackstone sat in front of me with Joey Forman. Behind me sat Joe Schoenfeld and Mrs. Averill Dalitz. Across the aisle sat Elizabeth's staff, Bee Smith, the children's nurse, and her butler, Cecil Jenkins and Mrs. Jenkins. Also Sidney Guilaroff, Jack Entratter—the judge who had granted Eddie the divorce, and his daughter. Eddie's attorney, Martin Gang, and his wife, Josephine, came in and sat with Mr. Shoenfeld.

**The press paces restlessly**

The organist started playing softly. Eddie's faithful valet, Willard, entered and also Eddie's former secretary, Eileen Thomas, who took a job with Debbie the day after the wedding.

I looked around the beautiful modern brick Temple with slanting windows filtering the sunlight through stained amber glass. It was a large room with red carpet up the center to the six steps upon which the flower bedecked canopy was perched. On the rim of the canopy were white gardenias; underneath the canopy were rows upon rows of white carnations. Down the four supporting posts were clusters of bow-tied pastel sweetpeas. Alongside were bouquets of white gladioli and huge white mums tied lavishly with white ribbon.

The wedding table was off to the left till the wedding party entered. Candles in profusion burned, casting a warm glow on the altar. The seats, regular chairs, were soft green leather and the room was divided in half by folding doors. On the other side of the door, the press paced restlessly waiting for the moment when they could see Elizabeth and Eddie, after the ceremony.

As I was sitting there, wishing that my husband were beside me to share the spiritual beauty of the Temple with me, I heard the sound of soft footsteps and there was Phillip, sliding into the seat beside me, only minutes before the ceremony was to begin.

**My eternal love and life**

There was a hush. Eddie, wearing a white yamulka, started to walk slowly down, his parents on either side; Joseph Fisher holding his left arm, Kate Stupp holding his right arm. When they reached the chuppah (canopy), Eddie smiled briefly, then took on a serious expression.

Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen had come in through a side door, and were waiting at the canopy for him. Immediately after that, a radiant Elizabeth, her face luminous under the cloud of soft green chiffon cowl draped over her head, was escorted up the aisle, by her father holding her left arm and her mother holding her right. She looked proud and smiled warmly.

Elizabeth's entrance was followed by Michael Todd, Jr., Eddie's best man, and by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor. Moira Taylor was Elizabeth's attendant. The group of ten gathered quite closely under the canopy. Rabbi Nussbaum spoke of marriage in the Jewish tradition with eloquence and dignity. He said he was pleased to be able to unite them in oneness of their separateness and explained the seven blessings that are involked by Judaism at the time of marriage which cover the whole of Israel's history.

Eddie stood on the left of the canopy with his parents, Elizabeth stood on the right with hers. They stood hand in hand throughout the Rabbi's address, erect and attentive. Elizabeth never once showed any sign of fatigue, and she kept squeezing Eddie's hand as she held it.

The ancient Jewish marriage ritual began, as the guests stood at respectful attention. Eddie and Elizabeth exchanged simple gold wedding bands. Eddie's ring to Elizabeth was inscribed: *There's a place for us now.* Elizabeth's ring to Eddie was inscribed: *Eddie, my eternal love and life, Elizabeth.*

**Mazeltov!**

They sipped wine from one cup, and Eddie traditionally crushed it, vigorously,

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**8. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

**I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**10. I LIKE GLENN FORD:**
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
**I READ:** [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

**11. I READ** [1] all of **SO YOU WANT TO BE A SINGER!** [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

**12. I READ** [1] all of **LIKE MAN WE JUST GOTTA GO, GO, GO!** [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very well [4] not at all

**13. I READ:** [1] all of **LOUELLA PARSONS** [2] part [3] none
**IT HELD MY INTEREST:** [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

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14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

**AGE**.....**NAME**.....

**ADDRESS**..... STREET .....

**CITY**.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

under his left heel. A murmur of *Mazeltov!* arose in the synagogue, with Eddie's father's voice quite distinct above the others. Elizabeth looked lovingly at Eddie as he placed the ring on her finger and held his glance in silent communication. They repeated both Hebrew and English vows put to them by the Rabbis. Eddie spoke out audibily, Elizabeth's voice was just above a whisper. Only her *I do* was clearly heard by the small assemblage. The Rabbis then showed them the marriage contract, which they signed. It was a double fold certificate in Biblical detail and colors, with the Song of Songs legend on the left in English, and the Hebrew legend opposite on the right. *I am my beloved,* it said, *and my beloved is mine. No man without woman, no woman without man and neither without God.*

Below was the actual certificate and contract which read: *This testimonial witnesses that Elisheba Rachel Taylor and Eddie Yaakov Fisher were united in marriage in the city of Las Vegas on May 12, 1959 (secular date) and 4 Iyar 5719 (Hebrew date). In accordance with the rite of Israel and as in compliance with the laws of the state of Nevada. Signed: Rabbi Max Nussbaum and Rabbi Bernard Cohen.*

After pronouncing them husband and wife, Rabbi Nussbaum indicated they might embrace and Eddie kissed Mrs. Fisher with feeling. She smiled, thoughtfully wiped some lipstick off his lips with her fingertips and they walked briskly down the aisle, nodding happily.

### Reception at the ranch

As soon as the doors of the Temple opened, the press swooped upon them, asking questions, snapping pictures. Elizabeth and Eddie walked resolutely to the center, flanked by Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen and accommodated the members of the press corps with pictures and answers. Newsreels, flashes, tape recording machines were all going at once. They asked Eddie to kiss his bride, and Elizabeth turned her face to Eddie's happily. Asked how they felt, they grinned and said in unison, "Wonderful."

About twenty-five minutes later, Elizabeth and Eddie stepped into their limousine and headed for the private reception at the Hidden Well Ranch she had rented near the Tropicana. The press members hastily packed their gear to get the pictures out to the papers and television stations as promptly as they could. The reporters rushed to the phones to call in their accounts and impressions.

My husband and I drove to the ranch with Bernie and Margie Rich, and Martin and Josephine Gang. We arrived before the bride and groom, but after all the other guests had arrived; the same friends who had been at the Temple ceremony and a few other close friends, like Ketti and Kurt Frings, Dr. Rex Kennamer (Elizabeth's physician and friend)—and Elizabeth's children, Michael, Christopher and Liza.

The dining room and living room of the ranch were beautifully decorated with white flowers, mostly orchids brought up by Mrs. Martin Gang, who grows them in her own home in Beverly Hills. A huge, five-tiered wedding cake was in the center of the table. On the sideboard, silver trays were heaped with gourmet canapes of caviar, pates and spreads. Elizabeth's household staff was augmented by some of the help from the Tropicana who served the guests champagne.

### Rose petals for the bride

I was talking to Dick Hanley and telling him how disconsolate I was because in all the excitement I had forgotten to throw the rose petals I had brought up from my garden. He said, "Don't fret, pet, here they come now . . . nobody thought of getting rice, so here's your chance."

Eddie and Elizabeth Fisher entered through the screen door and I picked a handful of petals from my purse and sprinkled them over their heads. Elizabeth looked at me in warm surprise. "What a lovely thing to do," she said. Eddie caught some of the petals in his hands and said, "My wife deserves rose petals." Everyone kissed the bride and groom, and they in turn, kissed everyone back.

Elizabeth's mother saw me taking some pictures and said, "Don't forget to send me some, Gloria. This is a happy day for all of us."

I asked the two mothers-in-law to pose together and Mrs. Taylor said with mock seriousness, "Just a minute, Kate and I are going to have a quick conference." The two ladies put their heads together and Mrs. Taylor said, her eyes twinkling to Mrs. Stupp: "Now listen, do you want to be called a mother-in-law?" Mrs. Stupp tentatively replied, "Well. . . ." "That does it," Mrs. Taylor announced. "You may call us *mothers,* not mothers-in-law."

And right then I knew the background and training that had prompted Elizabeth to say to Eddie's mother a few days before: "I'm so glad I'm going to be your daughter."

### A party for the kids

Just then, Elizabeth's children were brought in by their nurse, Bee Smith. The children looked around at the guests. Little Liza walked straight over to Eddie, put her tiny arm around his knee and tugged at him. He scooped her up in his arms and gave her a hug. He told her how pretty she looked in her yellow organdy dress. The boys went directly to Elizabeth's side and little Michael asked, "Mom, why are we having a party?" Elizabeth knelt down and replied, "It's a very special day because Eddie and I have just gotten married." Michael replied, "Oh, that's good." Chris interrupted, "Mom, do you think he'll play baseball with us?" Elizabeth laughed, "Not right now, Chris dear. Let's have some soda pop and cake." Elizabeth poured the soda pop for them and went over to kiss Liza, who was still clasping her arms tightly around Eddie's neck.

Elizabeth opened her little gold purse—the one with *LIZ* in diamonds that Eddie had given her on her birthday—and took out a comb to fluff the little girl's hair. It was such a natural maternal gesture, from this woman considered the queen of glamour, that I watched transfixed. When I got a chance to speak to Elizabeth for a moment, all I could say was, "You're breathtaking."

She gave me a quick hug. "I'm *breathless* with joy." She showed me the beautiful garter she was wearing. "It's my mother's," she explained. "It's the something borrowed and blue."

Eddie passed by and said, "How come everybody but the groom gets to talk to the bride on the wedding day? I haven't kissed you in the past twelve minutes," he said to his wife.

"Thirteen," she snapped back gaily. "But who's counting?"

"For heaven's sakes," I said, "you have a lifetime ahead of you."

Eddie sighed. "Yes, a whole, lovely lifetime with my wife."

### Almost like fourteen years

I left the newlyweds to chat with Rabbi Nussbaum and ask him about something that Eddie had mentioned briefly—the Rachel and Jacob legend in the Bible. Eddie's Hebrew name is Yaakov, meaning Jacob, and Elizabeth's middle name in Hebrew is Rachel. It appears that Jacob was espoused to Leah but was not happy in that union. He appealed to the judge for Rachel's hand, but was told that he must work seven years first. After the seven years passed, Jacob was told that he must work still another seven years for Rachel's hand. This he did and the years passed, Jacob said just as if they were days.

At this point, Eddie, standing by, said simply, "Dr. Nussbaum, the past ten months to me have been like fourteen years."

The small group assembled around the table when it came time to cut the wedding cake. Eddie was handed a silver knife tied with a big white bow. Elizabeth put her arm on his and her eyes and mouth were wide in surprise when she discovered that the bride on top of the cake was wearing a moss green dress and veil like her own.

She shrieked: "Oh, darling, when did you have time to think of that?" She glanced at Eddie adoringly while he continued cutting the cake. She touched the groom on top of the cake and exclaimed, "Why, he's wearing a blue suit!" Eddie had arranged this detail with the bakery just before leaving for the Temple.

### The honor of being best man

I walked out to the kitchen to leave my glass and saw Michael Todd, Jr., holding little Liza Todd, his half-sister, in his arms. It was a very touching vignette. The little girl has Elizabeth's remarkable eyes but favors her late father, Mike Todd, in facial features.

Mrs. Stupp came in at that moment and we walked outdoors, arm in arm. We talked about Michael, Jr., and Mrs. Stupp said he had called for her at the Hotel Tropicana and had pinned on her wedding orchids for her.

"He's a very fine gentleman," she said. "Eddie told me that when he and Elizabeth called him in Granada to tell him they were going to be married, Michael said, 'Eddie, all I ask is the honor of being your best man.' Elizabeth and Eddie were thrilled that he wanted to be best man, particularly since it meant flying in from Spain the day before the wedding and leaving the day after.' "

We walked about the sprawling, informal grounds talking about the newlyweds, the lovely wedding and reception and our plans for returning to Los Angeles. Some of the guests had begun to leave and we went indoors to find that Eddie and Elizabeth had gone to change their clothes and would be off to the airport.

My husband and I joined Bernie and Margie Rich and drove to the airport to say farewell to the Fishers. Elizabeth looked chic and sensational in a hot pink wool coat cut on the empire line, with a gray and pink silk print dress underneath. Her hat was straw with a band and bow of the same pink and gray print of the dress. Her bag and shoes were metallic gray and she held white kid gloves. Her only jewelry was earrings and her shining gold wedding band.

Eddie wore a gray suit with gray tie. Elizabeth always likes Eddie to wear a suit that matches or harmonizes with her clothes, and Eddie loves that.

Elizabeth went up to Eddie's mother and said softly, "I'll take good care of him, Mom. You take good care of yourself and we'll write and call you from Europe."

Eddie huddled with her parents, embraced Mrs. Taylor fondly and amid the flurry—their flight was called. The luggage was wheeled out; Eddie and Elizabeth waved good-bye and went out the door.

Eddie's mother looked over at me and said simply, "Thank God for everything."

—*Gloria V. Luchenbill*

*Liz can soon be seen in Columbia's* SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER.

# Because So Many People Prayed

(*Continued from page 21*)

*live* here. And we're going to spend lazy days, you and I. We're going to mount up our horses and go bucketing across country. And we're going to hunt and fish and swim and ride and prune and nurse the trees and shrubs we've planted. And we'll breed and train the horses to improve the herds and—"

Like a boy thinking ahead to a long-awaited vacation at camp, he had gone on.

Yet now, less than four months later, standing there on the porch with his wife—the big car waiting a few yards away to take him to the plane that would take him to New York and to the hospital there—Arthur Godfrey was no longer sure about the years ahead.

Only a few days earlier, he had sat in the doctor's office.

"This shadow on the lung—" the doctor had started to say, holding up an X-ray plate.

Arthur had spoken with Mary that same night.

He'd waited until way after dinner, till just before they were about to go to bed.

He'd smiled.

"If it's a benign tumor of some sort, hurray for our side," he'd said.

"But," he'd gone on, "if the thing is malignant—cancerous. . . ."

### "Honey, I feel fine . . ."

He'd seen Mary's face pale.

"Honey," he'd said, trying to reassure her, "Honey—I feel fine. I have no pain of any kind, my pulse is a nice, slow, steady seventy-two. And my blood pressure's an exciting 118-over-eighty. For an old cracked-up Irish ruin that's pretty good, isn't it? . . . And I feel no *pain*."

What he'd really wanted to say was that he probably felt no pain because he was too frightened—"because," as he was to admit later, "I could feel nothing through the cold, clammy, clutching fear that gnawed at my vitals."

But he'd said nothing about that now. And he said nothing about it this moment, as he and Mary got ready to leave their home for the trip North.

"Ready?" he asked, after they'd been on the porch for a while.

"Yes," his wife said.

They descended the steps of the porch and began to walk to the car.

Just before they reached the car, Arthur stopped.

He walked over to a tree, a few steps away.

It was a rather ordinary tree, a peach tree. It happened to be in bloom at this time. It was pretty. But to anyone else on this earth it would not have been a very special tree.

And yet to Arthur it *was* very special. He had planted it about ten years ago. It was just a baby then. It was quite large now.

He placed his hand on the trunk of the tree, affectionately, the way a father might pat the shoulder of a nearly-grown son.

"I'll see you again—if I'm lucky," he whispered.

And then he turned and took Mary's hand and they continued walking to the car. . . .

### The operation

It was exactly 7:25 on the morning of Thursday, April 30, when Arthur was wheeled into the operating room of the Harkness Pavilion of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center.

Around him stood three doctors, four nurses and an anesthetist.

The surgeon who was to perform the operation spoke to the others for a few minutes.

Then he turned to Arthur.

"Shall we proceed?" he asked.

"You're the Doc," said Arthur.

The surgeon gave a nod to the anesthetist.

A few minutes later, Arthur's eyes—which had been staring up at the stark-white ceiling overhead—closed.

The operation was about to begin.

Everyone in the huge, silent room knew that the operation would be either very short or very long.

It would be short, they knew, if, when a tissue from the tumor on the lung was examined, it was found to be benign. In that case, the tumor would be removed, the incision would be closed and that would be that.

If, however, the tumor were found to be malignant, there was no telling how long it would take. For then the entire lung area would have to be probed and every possible sign of cancer eliminated.

For a moment in the huge, silent room, no one moved.

They stood, instead, stiffly, taut, almost as if they no longer breathed.

And then, once again, the surgeon nodded.

And a nurse stepped forward and removed a sheet that covered the patient's chest.

And, finally, the operation did begin. . . .

### The surgeon's diagnosis

The surgeon spoke softly.

Mary Godfrey, who had been waiting in her husband's empty hospital room these past five-and-a-half hours, listened.

Arthur's tumor *had* been cancerous, the surgeon told her. And the cancer had not been restricted solely to the area of the tumor. It had spread through the entire left lung. It had spread even to the aorta, the topmost part of the heart.

There was a moment during the operation, the surgeon said, when he did not know whether or not to proceed with the operation. Removal of the left lung could be accomplished easily enough. But to touch the heart, even the tiny area that was diseased—this, he'd known, could have been fatal.

"But I went ahead," he said.

Mary Godfrey bowed her head.

And then she asked, "And Arthur's all right?"

"He is resting comfortably," the doctor said.

"And will he be all right—from now on?"

That depended, the doctor said, on whether or not there was any recurrence of cancer in the next few years.

"May I see my husband?" Mary Godfrey asked, after a moment.

In a little while, the doctor told her. Arthur was still in the recovery room, under heavy sedation. He would probably not awake till morning. And he'd be groggy.

"But if you want, in a little while, you can see him," the doctor said.

"I would like that very much . . . please," said Mary Godfrey.

### And Arthur knew . . .

She looked down at him, lying there, in the bed with the guards on its sides—like a child's crib, his eyes closed, his mouth slightly open, his breathing hard.

She had never seen him look so pale before.

She had never seen him look so helpless before.

She had loved him all these years, with all her heart.

But she had never loved him as much as she did this moment.

She stood there by his side for ten, fifteen minutes, looking down at him.

And, having seen him and been with him again this short while, she was about to turn and walk away when, suddenly, she saw his eyes begin to open.

"Darling?" she whispered.

At first, he did not seem to recognize her; nor even, really, look directly at her.

"Darling?" she whispered again.

After a while, his eyes turned to hers.

His lips moved.

"How—?" he started to say.

"Shhhhhh," she said, leaning over and touching his forehead with her hand. "You mustn't talk."

But he wanted to talk, badly, very badly.

"How—?" he said again.

And then he said, "Good?—Bad? . . . How? How?"

She did not know what to do, what to say.

She looked over at the doctor, who stood a few feet away.

The doctor shook his head. "Not now," he seemed to be telling her.

"Shhhhhh," she said, looking back at her husband. "You must rest now. You mustn't talk."

And this time he did not ask anything more.

For he knew.

And he knew, too, even in his daze, what she—his wife—must have been going through.

He tried to smile, as if to comfort her.

But very little of a smile came to his face.

His eyes closed again.

They did not open for many hours after. . . .

### The press conference

During his two weeks in the hospital following the operation, there was relatively little word on Arthur's progress.

He was coming along nicely, said the bulletins.

He was sleeping well.

He was eating well.

He was resting.

He was reading.

He was able to get out of bed a little more each day. . . .

But beyond reports such as these, there was little—and nothing on how Arthur Godfrey himself really felt, on what he was thinking, on what actual thoughts were going through the mind of this active, dynamic man who had suddenly found himself wrestling with the problem of cancer, the prospect of death.

And so the world waited that morning he was released from the hospital, to hear him once again, to see him again.

There were at least forty reporters and photographers and TV cameramen in the hospital lobby that morning.

They milled around Arthur, noisily, as soon as he stepped off the elevator.

Arthur—looking a little thinner than usual—waved at them and smiled.

Then a path was cleared for him and

**PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS**

*The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:*

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he made his way to a chair and sat down.

The noise lessened a bit.

Arthur started to talk.

"This thing the doctors cut out of me," he said, "this damnable thing—it was not only in the lung. But it was wrapped around the aorta. And the surgeon was well within his rights after he found this out to sew me up and let it go at that. But because of his courage and confidence, I got a break and got it out. Had the knife slipped, I wouldn't be here to talk to you."

His voice had become shaky as he spoke.

He paused for a moment.

"I don't know why I got this break—" he started to say.

Again, he paused.

And then he began to cry.

"Okay," said a friend of Arthur's, who was standing beside him, "—that's all."

The reporters in the lobby became absolutely quiet now.

"No, wait a minute. . . ." Arthur said.

He said a few words more.

But he could not go on.

"I'm sorry," he said then, shaking his head and wiping his eyes, "I'm sorry."

He got up from the chair.

The newspaper and TV people made a path for him again.

Some of them applauded him.

The others just stood there and watched him as he walked through the lobby and to a car outside. . . .

**The letters**

Mary Godfrey stood by the window of the New York apartment, looking down at the gray river below.

Arthur, back from the hospital just a little while now, was sitting at his desk.

Pounds of mail had arrived for him during his stay in the hospital.

He was reading it.

He'd been very tired when he'd gotten home. He'd been about to go to bed. But Mary had asked him, if he felt strong enough, to read a few of these letters.

And he read them now.

*Dear Arthur,* he read from the first. *I am a doctor. I know from experience with others what you are now experiencing yourself. I know that you consider yourself just another fish in the big pond, the pond of Fate. I guess we are all the same, regardless of education, brilliance, or fame. At any rate you have another friend rooting in your corner for what little it is worth. I honestly pray that your operation is successful and hope to hear you from your home soon.*

He picked up another letter.

*Dear Mr. Godfrey,* it began.

*Attached is a pitcher of me and my sister. I am eight years old. My name is Mark. My sister is four, her name is Lucille. The man you see on the cross in the pitcher is god. We are neeling in front of him because we are praying that you will get better. He already helped the doctor who helped you in the operashun. Now we hope he will help you even more.*

The next letter was from a woman.

*I do not go to church every Sunday, I must admit,* she wrote. *But I went to church the morning of your operation. May God bless you and the knife of the surgeon who operated on you."*

Then he read this:

*About twenty years ago a young man was taken to the same hospital as you were taken with practically the same symptoms you had. The doctors gave the patient six months to live. Today that young man (my son) is thirty-five years old, and I am a grandfather three times. I know that you are a pretty courageous guy, and you don't need a guy like me to tell you what the score is. Nevertheless, you know and I know it's nice to have a lot of guys in your corner, telling the man upstairs what a nice guy this fella Godfrey is.*

Arthur read a few more of the letters.

And then he called over to his wife.

"Would you mind, Honey," he said, "getting a pencil and a piece of paper? There's something I'd like you to take down for me."

A few minutes later, Mary sat beside him, ready to write.

"I don't remember much," Arthur began, slowly, looking straight ahead, "about my meeting with this press this morning. Except that I was ashamed of my inability to properly express my thoughts.

"I do remember the last thing I said was, 'I don't know why I got this break.'

"Now that was an error. I know now why I got the break.

"I got it because so many people prayed for me."

He went on dictating.

He gave his thanks.

He thanked the people who had prayed, the surgeon who had operated on him, the nurses and hospital attendants who had taken care of him . . . on and on he went.

He told how he would have to take it easy these next few months; how, in a little while, after he had undergone certain radiation treatments, he and his wife would go perhaps to Florida for a while "to spend some time on the beach," and how they planned, afterward to return to their home.

"Our home . . . our home," he said after a pause, turning to look at Mary now. "Our home. . . ."

And as he said that a certain tree that stood alongside a lovely plantation house in Virginia was already shedding the last of its blossoms.

But he would live to see it bloom again.

**END**


# Yesterday Jim brought me roses



I thought I was a good wife and mother . . . but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned . . . and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive?

"I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.

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# The House Of Silence

(*Continued from page 52*)

anyway I thought, even to sit and talk to you about show business for a while, or about anything you want to talk about and—"

There was a sudden burst of applause.

The curtain came ringing down.

The houselights went on.

The show was over.

Glenn didn't waste any time.

He raced down from his second-balcony seat and to the stage door and to a tiny cubicle just inside.

"I'd like to see Miss Powell," he told the old man who sat behind the desk there.

The old man looked him over. His eyes seemed to linger a little longer than was necessary on Glenn's somewhat worn overcoat.

"And who's calling?" he asked, finally.

"An actor friend," Glenn lied.

The old man nodded. "Sure," he said. "Well, you'll have to wait a little while. I can't leave my desk now."

"You'll tell her, though, that somebody wants to see her?" Glenn asked.

"Sure," the old man said.

Glenn stepped away from the desk.

He waited.

For those next few minutes that he waited, other people began to pour into the cubicle.

There were teenagers who'd come for Eleanor Powell's autograph.

There was the usual flock of middle-aged ladies who'd come to check on a star from close.

There were others.

But Glenn felt very special.

*He* was there to meet Eleanor Powell, and in just a few minutes time.

He continued waiting.

He waited one whole century, then another.

When he couldn't stand waiting any longer, he walked over to the desk again.

"Sir—" he said.

The old man looked up.

"I wonder," Glenn went on, "if you could—"

But he never got a chance to finish his sentence.

Because suddenly, from backstage, Eleanor Powell appeared.

### Hello . . . good-bye

She was wearing a long black gown and a white fox cape.

Standing at her side was a young man, dark and good-looking, in white tie and tails.

She smiled brightly and paused as everyone in the cubicle flocked around her.

"I haven't much time tonight," she said, cheerfully, as she began signing the programs and autograph books that were being handed to her. "I've got a benefit to do at the Garden and we've got to be going."

Actually, as it turned out, Eleanor stayed long enough to sign every last autograph that was requested of her.

"That's it, I guess," she said, sighing and looking around when she was finished.

It was at that moment that her eyes met those of a young man standing against the wall, a few yards away, quietly, behind everyone else.

"Hello," she found herself saying to him.

"Hello," Glenn said back.

The man who was with Eleanor said something in her ear.

"Yes, it *is* late," she said.

The man took her arm and whisked her away.

"Good-bye," she called out, as she left.

"Good-bye," everybody called back.

"Good-bye," Glenn whispered softly.

He waited a few minutes, till the cubicle cleared out.

Then he turned to the old man at the desk.

"I guess I'll come back some other night, when she's got more time," he said.

The old man said nothing.

Glenn turned up the collar of his coat and turned towards the door. . . .

### Pat plays cupid

It was late 1941 now, two years later.

Glenn, a $150-a-week Hollywood actor now, was having a drink with his friend, Pat O'Brien.

For some reason, Pat mentioned Eleanor Powell's name and, for some reason, Glenn told him about that night in New York.

"You still want to meet her?" Pat asked.

"Naw," Glenn said.

"Why not?" Pat asked.

"Well, for one thing," Glenn said, "she's big-time and I'm still a nobody."

"And for what other reason?" Pat asked.

"I guess that's enough of a reason," said Glenn.

Pat excused himself and got up from where he was sitting.

A few minutes later, he was back.

"Glenn, me lad," he said, "Eleanor is expecting you and me and the wife for dinner tomorrow night."

"Huh?" Glenn asked.

His face reddened.

"Have another drink," said Pat, laughing, "—and just make sure you live up to the build-up I gave you. It was the finest, most inspiring speech I ever made, in all my actin' life. . . ."

Dinner went so well that following night that Glenn got up the nerve to ask Eleanor for a date on his way out.

She accepted.

He was to pick her up at her house at seven o'clock, on the following Saturday.

### I call them Stinker

Saturday came—and Glenn was there on the dot.

When Eleanor opened the door, the smile that had been on his face these last couple of days withered.

"Wasn't it tonight?" he asked.

"Our date?" Eleanor asked back. "Yes. Why?"

"You're wearing an apron," Glenn said.

"I always do when I cook," Eleanor said.

She took his hand and led him through the large house.

"I thought," she said, as they walked, "that instead of going out, it would be a lot more fun for me to prepare something here . . . for just the two of us."

When they were in the kitchen, Eleanor led Glenn over to the stove.

She opened the oven door.

"Look," she said.

"Roast beef?" asked Glenn, peering.

Eleanor nodded.

"And," she said, "there's Yorkshire Pudding and corn on the cob and tossed salad —with just a touch of vinegar—and chocolate-chip ice cream and coffee. I happen to know that's your favorite meal. Because I happen to have phoned your mother this afternoon and asked . . . How's that for brains, Stinker?"

"What?" Glenn asked.

Eleanor laughed. "I'm sorry," she said. "It doesn't sound very nice, does it? But everybody I like—well, I just call them Stinker."

Glenn took a deep breath.

"You *like* me?" he asked.

"Yes," Eleanor said.

Glenn took another breath.

"I've liked you a long time," he said, finally.

"I know," Eleanor said. "I've heard."

For a moment, they stood there, in that kitchen, simply looking at one another.

And then Glenn took a step forward and took Eleanor into his arms and did what he had been wanting to do these two long years.

He kissed her. . . .

They were married on October 23, 1943.

It was a beautiful wedding.

### Glenn vows to make the grade

Glenn, a Marine now, his acting career cut short by the war, looked handsome in his dress blues. Eleanor was radiant in her white satin gown and floor-length veil.

Only a few days earlier she had completed a picture at MGM, her home studio, and had announced that she would retire as soon as her present contract expired.

To her stunned bosses she'd explained:

Glenn had wanted it this way, and this was the way it was going to be!

She looked at Glenn now.

The minister had just finished reciting the first half of the wedding service and Glenn had turned a little in order to take the ring from his best man.

Eleanor remembered, in that moment, how he had half-turned from her the night before, after a party some friends had given for them and as he'd been about to leave her at her door that last time.

He'd been smiling, jovial, happy, all night—she remembered.

And then, she remembered, he'd turned serious when they were alone and had started talking that nonsense about the future.

"Darling," he'd said, "I'm grateful to you. I'm very grateful that you'll be quitting your whole career for me . . . But I don't want you to worry."

"About what?" Eleanor had asked.

"About leaving this whole way of life you're used to," Glenn had said. "For a while, things will have to be a little on the poor side for us—sure. But I promise you, Ellie, that I'm going to try with everything inside me to make the grade someday soon, to become a good actor, to make a lot of money—to get back for you everything that you're giving up for me."

### Only you . . .

Eleanor had shaken her head.

"I don't want anything back, Glenn," she'd said, throwing her arms around him. "I only want *you* . . . What do I have to do to make you understand that? What do I have to say?"

Glenn had been silent.

"Glenn," Eleanor had gone on, "—I'll be truthful, Glenn. I loved my career. It was fun dancing, making pictures, being a star, being on the top. I've worked most of my life and I've struggled to get to the top. I've lived on trains, in hotels, out of a trunk, ever since I was a little girl—just to get where I am. And when you asked me to give it up, at first I thought to myself, 'I don't know . . . I don't know.' . . . And then I realized that no career would be worth a thing to me if it made you unhappy . . . And so I made up my mind that I *would* give it up, gladly, once and for all.

"Glenn, I don't expect anything in return from you for giving it up, except *you*.

"Rich or poor—I don't care.

"I just want *you*.

"Do you understand that? Do you? Do you?"

Glenn had nodded as he'd wiped away the big tears that had come to her eyes.

"Yes," he'd said, "I understand. . . ."

Eleanor looked at him now, as he turned back to her, the ring in his hand, the ceremony about to continue.

The minister, who had been waiting, cleared his throat.

"With this ring—" the minister said now.

"With this ring—" Glenn repeated.

His voice came strong and clear.

And Eleanor smiled.

For she was sure that everything was going to be all right, that Glenn *had* understood. . . .

"A year later," says an old friend of both, "Glenn was discharged from the Marines. And two months later, his and Ellie's only child, Peter, was born.

"Those next years were tough. Food prices were high. Houses were at a premium. Ellie, who'd since left pictures, was forced to stay in a little house her mother owned, with the baby. Glenn said it would be best if he shared a tiny place with his mother for a while. Any other girl but Ellie might have started to give up there. But Ellie was optimistic.

"She even stuck to her decision not to go back to work, no matter what. She knew it would hurt Glenn's pride. She didn't want that.

"At the time they needed the money most, Ellie was offered $10,000 a week for a South American nightclub engagement. Later the offer was repeated—this time $50,000 for four weeks. It would have meant money in the bank, a home, being together. But Ellie refused the offers.

"Finally, however, Glenn seemed to come through. He found a small house they could barely afford.

"Ellie was deliriously happy.

"It would mean being married, at last, she thought—really married.

"Ambition, the desire to make good, was gnawing inside Glenn, meanwhile. He felt no one remembered him. It bothered him that other actors, not in the service, had forged ahead in pictures.

"He talked about this endlessly.

"It got to the point where he and Ellie would begin to bicker, about this, about anything else.

"Like Ellie's letter-writing.

"Practically brought up in vaudeville, Ellie loves people. Glenn withdraws from them. Ellie, at the time, as now, kept up an endless correspondence with musicians, theater managers, stagehands—all the people who had been so good to her and helped her when she needed help.

"Glenn regarded this as foolish, as a waste of time.

"'Why bother with people who can do you no more good and who mean nothing to your life now?' he would say.

"And then he would walk out of the room, to brood about his fate."

But then one day Fate, in the form of Bette Davis, entered the scene and changed the entire course of Glenn Ford's life. Bette was about to make *A Stolen Life*. Henry Fonda, her announced co-star, was suddenly unavailable. Bette suddenly remembered Glenn and, hearing that he was out of the service, sent for him. Glenn, anxious for a job and determined to make up for lost time, succeeded in getting borrowed from his studio.

Appearing with a great star like Bette Davis turned out to be just the showcase he needed. When he returned to his own studio, they placed him opposite their then-biggest star, Rita Hayworth.

The picture was *Gilda*.

After a few sneak previews, the studio sensed the reaction to Glenn, changed his billing and made him a star.

His salary jumped to $1000 a week.

He was given a permanent dressing room.

A big publicity campaign was launched.

He was on his way.

"It wasn't long after *Gilda*," the friend goes on to say, "when Glenn told Ellie he felt they needed a larger place in which to live. Ellie agreed.

"They looked around; but everything was out of reach.

"Then, one day, Glenn told her he'd just seen a great place on Cove Way in Beverly Hills.

"It was for sale, he said, he'd gone to look at it and he had agreed to buy it.

"'Without me even seeing it—' Ellie started to say.

"Glenn interrupted her. 'You'll love it,' he said. 'It's even bigger than the place you used to have.'

"'But—' Ellie started to say.

"Glenn grabbed her hand. 'Come on,' he said, 'let's go take a look.'

### A his-and-hers suite

"It was an estate—three-and-a-half acres with fruit trees, garden, pool. It was completely furnished and neighbors included millionaires like Charlie Chaplin, Fred Astaire, Willie Wyler, the director.

"When Eleanor heard the price—around $100,000—she nearly fainted.

"She didn't feel any better, either, when Glenn started showing her around.

"He showed her the downstairs first.

"And then the second floor.

"He showed Ellie the nursery for Peter.

"He showed her the room that his mother (he wanted her to live with them) would occupy.

"He showed her the suite he would live in—complete with paneled walls, a bar, bedroom and bath.

"And then he showed Ellie the suite she would use, all pink and pretty, and way down at the other end of the hall. . . .

"The rumors began to fly thick and fast shortly after they moved into the house.

"Stories began circulating about how Glenn and Ellie would sit through dinner, night after night after night, not exchanging a word. About how Ellie would beg Glenn to take some time off so they could take a vacation together, about how Glenn would refuse. And there were stories about how Glenn was beginning to stay away from home more and more. About how when he *was* home he would often lock himself in his suite.

"Ellie, however, denied that anything was wrong. Glenn was an intense actor, she would say.

"He liked to be alone when he studied scripts and read, she would say.

"And, she would say, he was studying scripts and reading most of the time!

"But was it worth it?—those of us who knew the Fords began to ask.

"This was 1948.

"In the years that followed, Glenn worked harder and harder. He became, in time, one of the most popular actors in the world. He came to have more hit movies to his credit than practically any other actor his age. He left his original studio and signed with MGM, the same studio where Ellie had once been queen.

"But as his career skyrocketed, his marriage disintegrated—slowly but surely.

"Until finally, just the other day, sixteen long years after their marriage began, Ellie decided that she had had enough. And she announced that she was suing Glenn for divorce.

"There is very little that those of us who know them both so well can say.

"We feel sorry for Ellie. She is a wonderful girl. She has suffered. At forty-seven, she is without a husband, without the career she gave up for that husband and with little chance of ever being able to resume that career.

"But, truthfully, we feel even more sorry for Glenn.

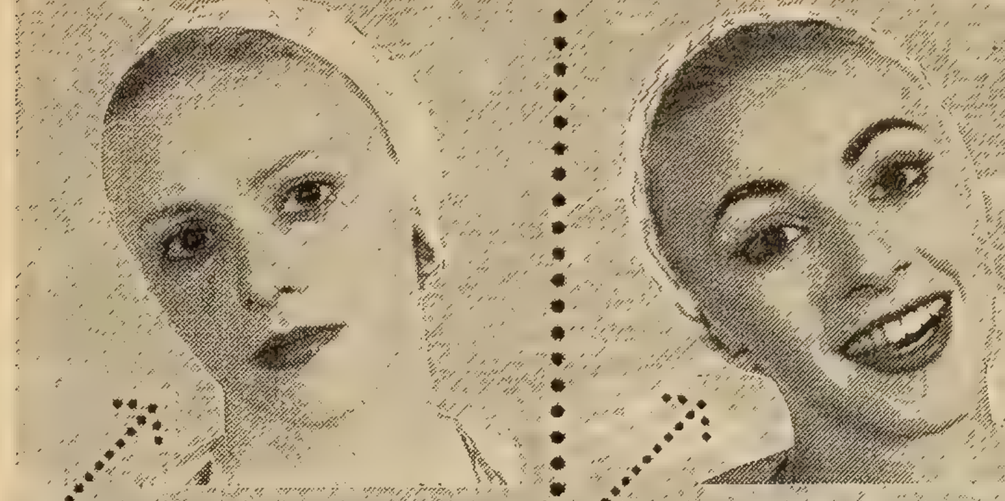
"He is a good guy. He meant well.

"He started all this to give Ellie the things he thought she really wanted.

"Except that he seems to have forgotten, somewhere along the way, that the only thing his wife ever really wanted was his love." **END**

*Glenn can soon be seen in MGM's* It Started With A Kiss.


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# Frankie's Daughter

(*Continued from page 40*)

Slowly the music wound its way into Nancy's memory, prodding, loosening, penetrating into the deeply buried thoughts of her childhood.

She remembered the day all the children were gathered in the Sinatras' large, flower-strewn backyard. An accordion-player and two violinists were playing *All Around the Mulberry Bush* while two circles of children sang and danced to the music, Frank leading one circle of dancers, Nancy, Sr., the other.

It was Nancy's seventh birthday and all the neighborhood children had gathered at the Sinatra home to celebrate. Little Nancy was busy showing some of her friends a very special gift, one that her father had given her. It was a delicate gold heart, with a tiny diamond in the center.

"Isn't it the most beautiful heart in the world?" little Nancy chortled to a friend who had just walked into the bright sunshine of the backyard.

"Well," the friend retorted, "For *my* birthday, my daddy is taking me and my mommy and my baby brother to Yellowstone park for a long, long vacation. . . . And we're gonna see all the animals, and take along a tent and sleep right out in the open like the Indians do."

"But . . . but . . ." Nancy faltered, ". . . my daddy has to work during the week, and sometimes at night, too. And he would take us on a vacation, except that he has to go away a lot—to places far away—where he has to work."

By this time, the friend had become interested in the party games that were going on, too interested to pay attention to Nancy's futile explanations.

Nancy tried hard to fight back the tears, tried not to spoil the beautiful party that her mommy and daddy had planned for her. But she could hold back no longer.

Suddenly she was all alone.

The music and the party all seemed to be very far away.

And the tears she fought to hold back welled up in her eyes and flowed over onto the bright blue silk party dress that she was wearing. And she ran out of the garden.

### Promise you'll never leave me

Just then, Frank turned and saw Nancy running into the house.

"Honey," he called, "Where are you going?"

Nancy did not answer but kept on up the stairs till she reached her room.

Frank, sensing something was wrong, ran after her. He walked into her room and found her lying on the bed, sobbing.

Shocked and bewildered, Frank stood there wonderingly.

"Honey, what's the trouble? Is something wrong with the party?"

Nancy just sobbed, her head buried deep in her arms.

"Please, Sweetie," Frank begged, "Maybe if you tell Daddy, you'll feel better—maybe it isn't so bad, after all."

Frank sat down on the bed.

Gently, but firmly, Frank lifted Nancy into his arms.

"Oh, Daddy," she sobbed, "Oh, Daddy, promise you'll never leave me . . . promise you'll never go away again and leave me."

"But, Nancy, you know that I would never leave you, that I only go away when I must . . . when I have to work to make money for you and Mommy and Frankie. . . . But I'd never leave you, neither Mommy nor I. We love you. Why, you're the best girl we've got!"

And with that, Nancy gave a faint little laugh, then smiled.

Slowly her tears began to lessen, and everything looked a little brighter, and finally the music from the garden reached her ears and again she was happy.

But now, lying on her bed, remembering the party made her wince slightly, made her feel that same tremor of loneliness that she had felt as a little girl.

### A grown-up eighteen

But she was no longer a little girl. She couldn't call for Frank every time something went wrong any more. Sure he was always there when she was a kid. But she couldn't keep relying on him for every little thing—especially now that she was a grown-up eighteen years old—even though she wanted to, even though in her heart she felt like a little girl and wanted her daddy there to whisper comforting words, to ease the burden in her heart.

Nancy's mind flashed back to another scene long ago. . . . She had been lying asleep in her room clutching tightly to her old, somewhat battered teddy bear, when suddenly she awoke with a start. She heard angry voices coming from the living room downstairs.

Suddenly she became frightened. . . .

"Mommy, Daddy," she called. . . .

But there was no answer.

The voices grew louder and angrier.

Nancy, too frightened to move, clung to her teddy bear and lay in her bed, crying harder and harder, the desperate sobs almost choking her.

"Won't somebody listen . . . ?" she pleaded, "Oh, Mommy, Daddy . . . please come and save me. . . ."

Confused and scared, she lay there for the entire night, sobbing and fearful till—exhausted—she fell asleep.

### A different house for each

The next morning, Nancy Sinatra, Sr., announced to her daughter that she and Frank were not going to live together any more. She tried to put it into words a child could understand, words that would keep the tremendous hurt out of little Nancy's eyes, the hurt that she herself had had to suffer.

"Your daddy . . ." she faltered, "Your daddy and I have decided that we are not going to stay together all the time any more. He will live in a different house."

"But," started little Nancy, not comprehending, "won't I have a daddy any more? What will happen to us? Why can't my daddy live with us? He promised that he'd never leave me alone. He said he'd always stay with us! I don't want him to go away . . . !"

And again the painful tears enveloped her, and she could not escape being hurt. Why . . . why had her daddy decided to leave them? Maybe it was because she was a bad girl—or maybe he just didn't love her any more—or love her mommy or brother or new baby sister. But little Nancy could not fathom the complex workings of the grown-up world, and to express her confusion, all she could do was cry.

But through the years, Nancy began to understand that it was not that Frank didn't love her or her sister or brother—it was just that something he and her mommy had shared was gone, that they simply could no longer stay together.

### Happy birthday from France

But her dad had been good to her, better than a lot of other fathers. Why even on her seventeenth birthday—even though Frank couldn't *be* there—he sent her just about the most wonderful gift any girl could ask of her father: a wonderful pink Thunderbird, covered with a huge pink ribbon and bow. And hadn't he called her

all the way from France, just to say happy birthday to her?

For all these things, Nancy was grateful. But what she failed to understand as she got older were the things she'd read in newspapers and magazines about her father. Things like: *Singer Frank Sinatra attempted to run down Journal American photographer last night while he tried to take Frank's picture.* Or headlines like: *Madison, Indiana, nearly wrecked by Frank Sinatra's antics!*

Was he really running around and causing all sorts of trouble? Did he really try to kill a reporter.

*No!* Nancy rebelled. *Dad isn't that way. It's just a pack of lies! He couldn't be the horrible person they show him to be. Not when he's always been so good to us. Like the time Mom got hurt. . . .*

She remembered how she and her mother and the two younger kids had decided to have a real special dinner—all their favorite Italian foods that Nancy, Sr., was going to make herself—things like veal parmigiana, egg plant, antipasto.

Nancy had spent a good part of the day preparing the food, and at about five-thirty she started to heat the oven to put the veal in to broil.

Nancy, Jr., was in the backyard taking a sun bath.

Frankie, Jr., was building a model airplane in his room. And Christina was playing in the back.

### A matter of life and death

Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion that sounded as if it came from the house.

Nancy rushed inside.

"Mother," she called, "Is anything the matter?"

She heard a moan. She ran into the kitchen to find her mother stretched out on the floor, covered with burns, her apron torn and black.

A kitchen towel was still on fire. Nancy grabbed the table cloth and threw it over the burning towel.

Then she stooped to her mother's side.

"Are you okay, Mom?" she asked frantically.

"Yes, Nan . . . I think so . . . I . . ." Then she passed out.

Nancy, more scared than ever now, rushed to the telephone. She dialed a number and then waited.

"Mister Sinatra's residence," the voice at the other end responded.

"Is Mr. Sinatra there? Please, this is very urgent. . . ."

"I'm afraid he's gone for the evening and won't be back."

"I've just got to get him. Isn't there anyplace I can call and speak to him?"

"Well, he did leave a number. But he said not to call—unless it was 'a matter of life or death,' he said," came the reply.

"Well, this is his daughter Nancy. And it's an emergency." Nancy was desperate.

The voice at the other end sounded surprised. "Oh, Miss Nancy—your father said to give *you* the number anytime."

Nancy thanked him and made the call.

### A doctor . . . and roses

"May I speak to Mister Sinatra?" she asked, growing more nervous by the moment.

Finally Frank came to the phone.

"Hiya, Honey. What's up?"

"Pop, you've just gotta come over right away. . . . Something terrible's happened to Mom. I think she's hurt. And I . . . I just can't talk any more." With that she broke into sobs and let the phone drop from her hand.

Frank shouted into the receiver. "I'll be right over," he called. And he hung up.

Several minutes later he rushed into the house. He found Nancy sobbing hysterically. "You've got to pull yourself together. I called a doctor. He'll be here in a few minutes. Now what's happened to Mom?"

"She was cooking . . . and the stove . . . there was an explosion and I was outside, and . . ."

Frank rushed into the kitchen. He lifted Nancy off the floor. Her eyes started to flicker and she smiled a little.

"It's okay, Nancy," he said. "I'm here and everything is going to be okay."

And everything *was* okay. Frank's doctor had come. The burns were not too serious at all. And Frank had even ordered dozens of roses to be brought to the house, just to brighten things up.

And as Nancy thought back on these memories, memories that reminded her how dear her father was to her—and how very much she wished he were here now—she was disturbed by the ring of the telephone.

She picked up the receiver.

"Hi, Nancy dear." The voice was her mother's. "I'm going to be out for the evening. I just wanted to call and tell you to have a good time tonight at the dance."

"Thanks, Mom," Nancy answered, "I guess I ought to start dressing. It's getting late."

"Okay, dear. Have fun!"

Nancy hung up the phone.

### An answer for Johnny

She took the record off the phonograph. She'd wanted to put off getting ready for the dance, the moment that she'd have to face Johnny, her date. She knew that tonight she'd have to make a decision . . . one that might change her entire life.

She was confused and shaken. She needed the advice and comfort that only Frank could give her. Sure, when she was younger she'd had her mother and her father to help her with the little problems a kid usually has—a scraped knee, a broken toy, a stomach ache from too much candy or ice cream.

But now she was grown up. And her problems were grown-up, too. Should she marry Johnny Carter, the boy she'd been dating for months? Or should she wait?

She'd have to tell Johnny something tonight, she'd have to give him an answer, one way or the other.

Tonight was her big graduation formal and Johnny was taking her. This was the night Johnny wanted to announce their engagement. But Nancy wasn't sure that she wanted to become engaged, wasn't certain that she wanted to marry Johnny.

She dressed quickly, hoping that the minutes would not pass too painfully. She dressed in a pale blue lace gown, shimmering with layers of chiffon skirting. She wore a tiny golden heart around her neck.

Johnny was going to call for her at eight. But Nancy was ready at seven-thirty, so she came downstairs to the living room. She turned on the television set.

Just then the doorbell rang. Nancy ran to answer. She opened it.

There in the doorway stood Frank.

"Daddy," she nearly choked him with a bear hug. "I thought you were away! It's been so long since I've seen you."

"I just flew back from Europe this morning," said Frank. "And I wanted more than anything to see you and Frankie and Chris. It *has* been a long time hasn't it," said Frank, taking Nancy's hand. "Gee, you look so lovely. It's hard to believe that you're grown up and . . . beautiful!"

"Oh, Daddy," Nancy exclaimed, "I'm so glad you're back. There're so many things I want to tell you, so many things that have me confused right now."

### A big problem

Frank walked into the spacious living room. They both sat down.


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"What is it, Honey?" he asked.

"Well, it's just that. . . . Well, Johnny wants me to marry him, and I'm just not sure if I want to. I'm not sure if I love him—and I just don't know what to do."

Frank looked thoughtful for a moment. "That is a big one," he said. "Well, the first thing you've got to ask yourself is, do you want to stay with this guy forever? And 'forever' is a long, long time—especially when you're so young. Why don't you play it cool for a while, Baby. Tell him that you honestly don't know if you want to make it a permanent team.

"And if he's at all worth your love, he'll understand. And he'll wait if he wants you bad enough."

"I guess, well, I guess I never thought of it that way, Daddy. I was just so scared that Johnny wouldn't understand, that he'd just get angry at me and that would be the end.

"Dad, I really wouldn't know what I'd do if I didn't have you to talk to. I really *have* needed you for a long time. You're wonderful!" And she kissed him.

"Well," Frank said, growing even more serious, "You know that if you ever need me, I'll always be there."

And with that, they embraced.

And Nancy finally understood something that had been confused in her mind for a long, long time. She understood what her father meant when he said he'd always be there when she needed him. She knew now that Frank had not abandoned her, that he still loved her and would always be there to listen to her with her problems, her hopes and her fears. **END**

*Frank can currently be seen in MGM's* Some Came Running *and will soon appear in U.A.'s* A Hole In The Head.

## Debbie, Beware

(*Continued from page 23*)

Love wasn't anything, you told yourself. Glamour was all that counted. You thought of the endless quarrels with Eddie. He'd wanted to buy you a mink stole, but you'd spent the money on some bargain furniture he'd hated. "Put that junk in the basement," he'd said. He'd wanted you to dress up more, but you were used to buying fabrics wholesale, having your mother run up neat little clothes. You were a green-stamp collector, a string saver. "*Why* do you keep old Christmas boxes?" Eddie'd ask irritably, and, looking back later, you saw that you were always being compared—unfavorably—to Liz. To lovely, sophisticated Liz, who gave you the feeling she threw away her diamonds when they got dirty.

You were the kind who got up and met a 6:30 a.m. plane when your husband was supposed to be on it (he wasn't on it—he was in New York, falling in love).

Still, for all your virtues, when your husband left the house, he took the painting of Liz, not the painting of you, and you felt as though you'd learned a cruel lesson. Now you seem to be competing with all the sexy females in the world; you seem to need to prove you can beat them at their own game.

Well you can't. Not that you don't look gorgeous in evening gowns, not that any man wouldn't want you—just that you can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, and you can't make a predatory female out of a lady.

### Fighting dirty

You don't know how to fight dirty, even when you've got your hands full of weapons. You didn't name Liz in your divorce suit, and you turned down $10,000 to write the 'inside story' of your marriage. You can't compromise with your standards, they're part of you, like your straight spine, your clear eyes. But those eyes are slightly feverish, these days.

You had a dream that died. A dream of a life with Eddie, love, four children close together. After the dream, the pain came, and then the hate. "I ate dust," you said. And: "I hope they find happiness; they've paid a lot for it."

They've paid for their happiness; you've paid for your unhappiness. Don't pay too much, though, Debbie. Don't be less than you are just because you haven't yet found the right man. Don't join a group of sharp, fast-talking females who frequent night-clubs, and hang around till daybreak with the singers and wonder where they went off the track, how they got lost.

All your professional life, you've been an example to young girls. Don't use too much make-up, you've told them. Dress simply. Respect yourselves, and men will respect you. Only recently, in a mid-western high school, the co-eds were asked to name the woman they'd most like to be. A couple went for Cleopatra, and Doris Duke got a few ballots, but 66% of the kids voted for you!

That kind of faith and affection is a responsibility, Debbie, and you can't run away from it, any more than you can run away from yourself.

Sure, you're a vision in your new Helen Rose costumes, but we think more fondly of the pictures of you in your jeans, with your two babies.

### Beware, Debbie

We remember, on your second anniversary, how Eddie came in with a calico doll that looked exactly like you. Now that calico doll is stuffed in a closet somewhere, along with the French horn you played in high school, and couldn't bear to get rid of, and your merit badges from the Girl Scouts. But the doll, the horn, the badges, are real treasures of a real life, in a way that emeralds and satin gowns can never be.

You, for whom 'simple folk' were always the salt of the earth, are living it up now with cafe society. You who valued kindness and fairness more than gold, are taking lessons from Eva Gabor in 'how cruel women can be, and how stupid men are.'

Because we don't believe you'll prove to be a very apt pupil, because we believe it would be hard for you to toy with men, we beg you to beware. Beware of a stranger whose name we can't reveal, a stranger whose name we don't even know. He's a composite of many men, but he's very much around in the world of high fashion and low life. He's suave, and he's careless. He's emotionally bankrupt, with nothing but charm to hide his emptiness. He's out of your league, and you'll get hurt again.

You're a little desperate now. You want to live, and be gay, and forget. Only beware, Debbie. You're a lamb in femme fatale's clothing. We don't want to see you hurt by a wolf who doesn't care.

Sincerely,

David Myers

*Debbie's currently in MGM's* The Mating Game *and will soon be seen in* Say One For Me *for 20th-Fox.*

# Susan Kohner

(*Continued from page 27*)

now the air would be cold and biting, and "home" might be one small room—but she would be on her own. Her mind was made up. She would leave home and go to New York; she would learn to be a really good actress. She gave the panda a little shake, to emphasize her decision.

Her parents were wonderful, loving and understanding. Her home was beautiful and luxurious. She had her very own telephone, her own special number, her own private bathroom. Her big comfortable bedroom was filled with original paintings by famous artists.

To the fabulous Spanish stucco house in Bel-Air where the Kohners lived, came the great and the beautiful and the important people of the world. Her mother was the brilliant Mexican actress Lupita Tovar, her father the biggest independent agent in Hollywood. Susan was constantly surrounded by top actors and actresses, and on first-name terms with most of them. But Susan felt her world was a limited one, and it wasn't of her own making.

She had just finished *Dino* with Sal Mineo—not a very big role, but the critics called her a promising young starlet. If she were ever to be the truly great actress she longed to be, she would have to go out on her own, find her own life, her own friends. And she must study, study hard, with the best drama coach she could find. If she found success, it must be because of her own self, not because she was the daughter of rich and famous parents. . . .

Her mother and father proved how very wonderful they really were when she told them of her decision. Susan was their only daughter, and they adored her. They had tried not to spoil her (believing that they were too intelligent for that) but they had never denied her anything, and they had kept her sheltered from the world, protected against any hard knocks or rude surprises that life might offer. Now the three talked it over, and the Kohners were convinced that their child wanted to go to New York because she was serious about acting, and not as an escape. They understood and they agreed. Her father picked up the telephone to place two long-distance calls: one to enroll Susan in Sanford Meisner's Neighborhood Playhouse and one to ask some family friends if Susan could stay with them. . . .

And so it was that in January of 1957, Susan arrived in Manhattan, awed, but determined, to study with Sanford Meisner and to stay with her parents' friends. She was thrilled at being accepted at the Neighborhood Playhouse. So many actors and actresses she admired had come from there: Joanne Woodward, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Gregory Peck. . . .

She was thrilled, but—

**Susan's own story:**

Susan says: "I found it very difficult. I didn't know anyone, and teen-agers seem to know instinctively if you're one of them. They knew I wasn't. Somehow—without my telling them myself, and certainly I never bragged—they'd heard that my father was a 'big shot' in Hollywood; that I was rich. Two other strikes against me: I was shy and scared and they mistook my petrified air to be that of aloofness. Also, I didn't dress like them. I wore high heels, stockings, a smartly-tailored suit; the other girls wore long, black sox, loafers, the most casual, loosest of sweaters and skirts. Most of these kids were barely scraping by to pay for their courses. I didn't have to work, with my background of wealth, my expensive clothes, it was as though I'd come from a different planet. They resented me, made snide remarks. I didn't know how to overcome it. I was so stiff and frightened, I didn't know how to make the proper overtures to convince them I was a 'regular' kid."

Another blow fell.

"I wasn't happy in the home I lived in. The people were wonderful, but I had no privacy. They had two younger children who were constantly barging into my room while I tried to work out a scene.

"I moved into the Barbizon Hotel. I thought this would be the perfect solution. It was a woman's hotel, so I felt I was safe there (and so did my parents). Since I was determined to live on my own money (the earnings from *Dino*) it meant a great deal to me to live in a fairly inexpensive place. My room was about as big as a mailbox, and I shared a bathroom with another girl, but I felt wonderful because I was paying my own way. I was on my own.

**My partner's slum apartment**

"After I moved in I realized I had a problem living there. At the Playhouse, each girl was paired off with a boy as a dramatic partner, and each of us would work with him at night, after regular classes were over. But I couldn't have my partner come to my room because boys couldn't go past the lobby of the Barbizon. So I had to go to his apartment. The first time I went to my partner's apartment, I thought I'd die. It was against my upbringing to go to any boy's apartment alone, even though it was for purely professional reasons as this was. I was shaking in my shoes when I rang the bell of his flat. He lived in an awful, old, smelly tenement all the way uptown. It was in the heart of the Puerto Rican section, and lots of people yelling and running around in the streets. The whole thing was very frightening. Even the subway ride scared me; I'd never ridden in a subway before. All those strange people, the tight, crammed-in feeling underground—it gave me a dreadful attack of claustrophobia.

"The fact that I found my partner—let's call him Jack—physically revolting didn't make it any easier for me. He was short and fat, wore thick glasses, looked as though he needed a bath and had a constant sneering expression. His flat was awful; one room with a makeshift stove; his clothes and underwear all over the place. Evidently the place didn't have closets. He was eating eggs when I came and he scarcely looked up to speak to me. I thought he was rude, crude, horribly unfriendly—and I was scared to death of him. It was months later—after I'd come to understand some of the people who'd been brought up in a world so different from mine—that I learned he was very earnest and frightened himself of a world that had always been hostile to him.

"He looked at me in my fine clothes; I looked at his angry, sullen face, his unkempt hair and hands—and we hated each other. He was so radically different from anyone I'd ever known in all my sheltered life. I'd met young actors in Hollywood—even struggling ones—and they were all handsome, charming. When I was face to face with this boy, I just wanted to run and run. But I didn't. I remained, and we worked on an emotional dramatic scene. I was frozen. It was a dreadful evening.

"But I knew I had to go back and work with him a few nights later. I forced myself to return, and somehow, I found the situation a little more bearable. I still found him repulsive, I still quaked when I got out of the subway and found myself in the middle of a noisy, dirty neighborhood, but I knew I had to do it if I was going to last in the class.

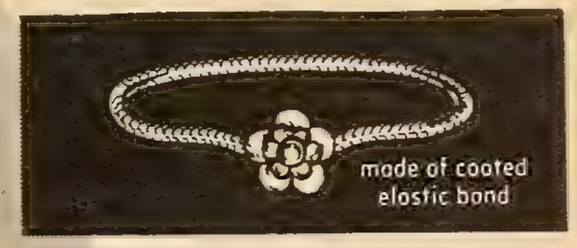
"I couldn't take that 'left out' feeling much longer. I decided to dress like the other girls, and tried to act more like


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them. I bought long, black sox and loafers, and dressed in shirts and sweaters and skirts—which I didn't bother to press. It made me feel better. I wasn't so conspicuous in class anymore, and my whole personality began to change. I felt freer, more casual. I still had no close friends in class, but as soon as I dressed differently and felt more like them, there was a response.

"One day one of the girls walked out with me after class. It was the first time anyone had shown me any friendship. We were both walking and talking and decided to have dinner together. She looked at me, embarrassed, and I was embarrassed, too. We were waiting to see who would decide on the restaurant; she was afraid to suggest a cheaper restaurant, thinking I was used to the best. I didn't want to name a cheap restaurant, either, for fear I'd sound patronizing. We walked so long that we were both starved, and out of desperation, stopped at a little place and ordered hamburgers.

"By being simple and natural, I began to convince the others at school that I wasn't a snob, and that I wasn't leaning on my father's money or influence. In fact, I went out of my way to cover up any sign of affluence or importance that came my way. . . .

"Once Sal Mineo called me and asked me to go with him to a premiere. But I never told the kids in class that I'd worked with Sal in Hollywood. They'd have thought I was putting on the dog. I went to the premiere, and begged the photographer not to shoot me in the picture with Sal."

### My thousand-dollar coat

"This other side of me was one I didn't want them to see. For instance, John Huston is a very good friend of my parents; and he's known me since I was a baby. At Christmas time he wanted to give me a present of a beautiful coat designed by Charles James, the great designer.

"I had to go to Mr. James' studio several times for fittings. Since it was a very posh studio, I couldn't go there in the black sox and beat-up clothes I wore to class. I'd run home, change into my good clothes, and sashay into Mr. James' studio to be fitted for my $1,000 coat. Sometimes, though, I didn't have time to change, and I'd rush into his studio, straight from class, looking so bedraggled that I think I almost gave Mr. James a heart attack.

"At that time, I was taking dancing lessons, also—doing everything I thought I should do to become a good actress. I was always in a mad rush. Still, most of the other girls in the Playhouse were working at odd hours in order to support themselves; one worked as a waitress, another as a salesgirl and they never complained. When I saw how hard they worked, and how they really had to hold night jobs in order to maintain themselves, I tried more furiously than ever not to rub in my background of luxury.

"My father used to send me delicacies from a Beverly Hills gourmet shop—wonderful tins of cavair, smoked snails, imported jams. The first time he did I invited other girls from the Barbizon in to share with me. They looked at the expensive little tins and one girl said, rather bitterly, 'I could eat for a week on what that one can of caviar costs.' I never opened up any more of those imported cans again.

"One night, one of the girls was in my room when the phone rang. She picked up the phone and said, 'It's a man who says he's Tyrone Power.' It really was Tyrone Power. He was an old friend of my parents, too, and knew me well, and he promised he'd check up on me when he came to New York. However, I was so embarrassed, with the other girl around, that I cut the conversation short. 'Was that really Ty Power?' asked the girl. I thought, 'They'll label me Miss Rich-Snob all over again if I tell the truth,' so I laughed and said, 'Oh, no, just a friend trying to tease me.'

"Charles Boyer, who was as close to me as my uncle, called me and invited me to the Pavillon, one of the most elegant restaurants in New York, and the theater. He'd promised my father he would take me out, and he is one of our oldest and dearest friends. I didn't dare tell anyone in class. Going to the Pavillon and the theater with Mr. Charles Boyer required that I dress up in my most beautiful gown. I didn't want any of the other girls to see me. I slipped down the back stairway.

### No dates but movie stars

"It was a funny masquerade. And with it all, I was still shy and lonely. I didn't know any young men in New York. True, Charles Boyer, Tyrone Power, John Huston and other men as famous, glamorous and wealthy, who were friends of my father, would take me out in a protective 'little sister' way. But I still was lonely with my own crowd. I was neither here nor there. I tried to be like the others in the Playhouse, and I was becoming better liked, but they still had their reservations about me. In the Barbizon, most of the girls, who were models, had loads of boy friends and were always going out on dates. I spent many nights zipping girls into their evening dresses. Then I'd stay in alone. I was too shy to go to the hotel coffee shop at night, because that would advertise the fact that I had no date. So I'd often sit in my room munching on a box of crackers. And crying.

"One day I found myself with only a quarter in my purse. My own money had run out, and my father was sending me a check, but his check was late. For the first time in my life I was actually down to my last quarter. I was quite exultant. I bought a hot dog and an apple, and ate it proudly in the street. I don't recommend poverty—and I must admit that knowing my father's check was due to arrive kept me from panicking—but I was so anxious to be like the other young people I came to know, that I felt I was sharing some of their experiences this way.

"At the beginning, I was so lonely in New York I'd sit on my bed and bawl. One night, my parents called and I tried to disguise my voice so that they would never suspect I'd been crying. 'I'm so happy—so very happy. I'm terribly, *terribly happy.*' I was almost hysterical trying to show them how happy I was, so that they wouldn't insist that I come home.

"I stayed with the Neighborhood Playhouse for five months. I learned a great deal about acting there. I learned a great deal about people. I learned a great deal about myself. When I rode in a subway for the first time and saw the filth on the floor, the tired, unhappy, splotchy faces sitting next to me and opposite me, when I saw lines of wash hanging outside the window of the tenement where my first drama partner, lived—I didn't know how to take it. I was absolutely terrified. I wasn't a snob. It was like going into another world—a world of startling reality.

"That period in New York on my own did a great deal for me as a person. I learned how to understand people. In being able to get along with different people, I developed as a person myself. I became a little more Bohemian with the friends I made in New York. One boy came by on a motorcycle, and invited me for a ride. I'd never done a thing like that before. I got on the back, and we whizzed in and out of heavy New York traffic on his motorcycle. I felt so exhilarated. I learned how to do things on impulse, another thing I'd never done in the careful, rarefied atmosphere of Bel-Air.

"There's no doubt in my mind that the experience I had being on my own in New York, and having to learn to live with a complete new group of young people, was just as vital to my acting development as the actual acting techniques I learned at the Neighborhood Playhouse. I would have been a shallow actress, always, if I hadn't broken the bonds and gotten out of my shell. Lived like other people. Suffered some, cried a lot, had to learn to give-and-take and make others like me.

"I learned the importance of displaying inner warmth, learned the magic of a smile. Before, these things used to be just words. But when I'd go to the Playhouse every day—usually, still frightened, still shy, still lonely—I noticed an old, white-haired man sitting on the porch of a brownstone house across the street. He used to smile and wave at me. Maybe he could see I was lonely. His smile was so sweet and sincere, it gave me courage. I experienced, first hand, what a smile, even from a stranger, can do. This is all important to me as a person—and as an actress."

### The end of the story

Probably the very most important thing that came out of New York for Susan was meeting a tall (six-foot-seven) handsome, thirty-year-old blond giant named Charles Shelander. Ironically, she was introduced to him by one of the family friends she had been so careful never to mention to her classmates. Jane (Mrs. Edward G.) Robinson was giving a party and called Susan to please come because she knew a "wonderful, attractive advertising artist" she wanted her to meet. He would pick her up if Susan would agree.

Susan hates blind dates; they embarrass her. But she couldn't hurt Mrs. Robinson's feelings. Charles phoned her, she liked his voice. He took her to the party, and they got along beautifully. So beautifully in fact, a lot of people think that meeting was the beginning of falling in love. If it is, it will be a perfect ending to the story of what happens when a sheltered little girl leaves home. **END**

*Susan is currently in U-I's* IMITATION OF LIFE *and can soon be seen in the Buena Vista film* THE BIG FISHERMAN.

# Let's Not Wait Any Longer, Darling

*(Continued from page 37)*

knew. The pain had stopped, and the sweat. And the feeling. Her back had been broken, and she was paralyzed.

What must she have been thinking, in that strange room, in that strange country, so far from home, so far from Mel, her tortured mind surveying her wracked body, her fear a palpable thing that she could smell and taste.

You wonder, as you reconstruct the scene. You wonder if she prayed. You wonder if she thought of death. You wonder if she remembered Susan Peters, injured in a hunting accident, living out her last years in a wheel chair.

Audrey and Mel had been married almost five years. A world without him would be a world so grey she could not face it, yet she dreaded the pity which might bind him to a crippled wife. Sick, alone, her pride still blazed, and the spirit which had seen her through a childhood of hunger and nightmare, in a Europe overrun by savages.

Had she survived so much terror—and later, so much emptiness ("Before Mel, I was always a little desolate when my work was over")—only to meet defeat in this sad Mexican city, among strangers?

Five years of marriage, and no children. Always there had been the work. They'd plan a baby, and a picture would come along, and they were both young, and there wasn't any hurry, and suddenly there was a wild horse, and a f l, and the end of her world staring at her.

*Maybe I'll never walk again. Maybe I'll never have children.* The sense of loss, the sense of waste.

Perhaps she made a promise to herself, lying there, during that awful, endless time. *If I live, I won't wait any more. We'll have a baby, we'll be a family. . . .*

Not that Audrey and Mel weren't always compatible and self-sufficient, just that they always seemed so alone. You'd see pictures of them together, at any of their various rented estates—the villa in Italy, the chalet in Switzerland, any old place where they'd settle down in California. They'd be playing ping-pong, or walking the dogs, but somehow it was as though they had no anchor to their lives, nothing to hold them anywhere.

"Some day I hope we can settle down in our own home with our own things," Audrey said once, to a reporter, half-jokingly, explaining that she longed to buy a large double bed.

Still, the busier the Ferrers got the more their "some day" receded into the indefinite future.

Audrey went to Africa, finished *The Nun's Story* after bouts with heat, infection, fire, snakes and loneliness ("I think some of my anguish for Mel gets on the screen"), came back to Hollywood and went to bed with flu, then started on *Green Mansions,* with Mel directing.

As soon as *Green Mansions* was over, she told Louella Parsons, she would take a year off, have a baby.

### The lesson completed

It didn't work out that way. She was offered *The Unforgiven,* and, at first, said no. She didn't want to go to Mexico without Mel. But John Huston was directing, and Burt Lancaster and Lillian Gish were among the players, and she'd be paid $500,000 plus a percentage, and how could she turn it down?

She refused a double for her bareback riding scenes, and a horse is no respecter of movie stars, and the by-now-famous accident occurred.

Audrey's back mended, and Audrey wound up the picture, but she was a different Audrey. She'd been set to go straight into a new Alfred Hitchcock movie, but instead, she and Mel flew to Switzerland, to their house in the mountains.

They wanted to have the baby there.

Once, when Audrey was talking about Mel, she said he'd taught her "how to live for another. I've been restless, and that's over. I didn't know exactly where or what I wanted to be. Now I do."

Love is a good teacher; so is suffering. The lesson begun by Mel was completed for Audrey in Durango, when she lay staring at the ceiling, wondering about the meaning of her life.

At the age of thirty, Audrey was ready to come home. God willing, she'll have another chance. **END**

*Audrey's in MGM's* GREEN MANSIONS *and will soon appear in Warner Bros.'* THE NUN'S STORY. *Mel is currently in MGM's* THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.


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# Dion

(*Continued from page 34*)

Valens and Buddy Holly had come up to him then.

"Come on, Dion," Buddy had said. "Why don't you fly with the three of us 'stead of taking the bus?"

"I'd rather not," Dion had said.

"Come on, man," Ritchie had said, "lots of people charter planes nowadays . . . and this way we can get to our next stop early. We can get a good night's sleep for a change. We can do some laundry. And we can eat in a real-live restaurant, too, instead of one of those roadside places again."

"I'd like to, fellows," Dion had said, "but thirty-six dollars just to go by plane—gee, I can't afford that. Not if I'm gonna save for that car I'm saving for."

The others had shrugged, said okay, shaken hands with him and left.

Dion remembered how he'd waved goodbye to them as the cab that was taking them to the airport pulled away from the Clear Lakes, Iowa, hotel.

And he remembered now how, just a few hours ago, the woman behind the desk of the Moorehead, Minnesota, hotel had looked at him when, signing in, he'd asked, "Are the other fellows up in their rooms now?"

"Other fellows?" the woman had said.

Dion had pointed to a theater poster behind her. "The fellows in the show," he said. "My pals. They checked in here last night."

The woman lowered her eyes for a moment.

And then, looking back up at Dion, she'd said, "You haven't heard yet—on the radio?"

"Heard what?" Dion had asked.

"The airplane the boys were in," the woman had said, "—it went down, in a storm. There was this lightning and . . . your friends were . . . killed."

### Who wants it?

*Killed and dead,* Dion thought now, lying on the cot in the quiet dressing room, trying hard not to believe it, but knowing that it was true.

*Killed and dead . . . and dead . . . and dead.*

There was a knock on the door.

"Ten minutes, boys," somebody called out.

Dion didn't move.

Normally, ten minutes before show time was the most hectic part of the day.

But Dion simply continued to lie there now.

*Ten minutes—and what?* he thought.

*A stage . . . a lot of colored lights . . . a couple of songs . . . people sitting out there watching you . . .*

He closed his eyes again.

*Who wants it?* he said to himself.

All his life, this was exactly what Dion had wanted—show business, the fun of it, the excitement, the hard work that might pay off someday, the rough grind of the one-night stands, the singing, the improving, the learning . . . but always, the fun of it.

And now the fun had turned to tragedy, just like that.

Just because of one little airplane, one bolt of lightning.

And again Dion asked himself, *Who wants it—this life, this business?*

### His dad's dream

His father had wanted it for him even before he was born.

"My wife was about seven months pregnant when it came to me," recalls Pat DeMucci. "I'd been in the entertainment business all my life—as a dancer and a puppeteer—and it came to me this certain night that my son would grow up to be in the same business as I was.

"When I told my wife, Frances, she said to me, 'Really? Well, first of all, how do you know it's going to be a *son* we'll have?'

" 'I know it is, that's all,' I told her. And then I said, 'And you know what we're going to name him?'

" 'What?' my wife said.

" 'Dion,' I told her.

" 'But I never heard of that name,' she said.

" 'That's just the point,' I told her. 'It's different, it's distinctive, it's flashy. People will remember it.'

"My wife thought it over for a second.

" 'Pat,' she said, 'we're Catholics. We have to name our baby after a Catholic saint. And there's no Saint Dion.'

" 'The *middle* name can be Catholic,' I told her. 'So we'll call him Dion Francis—after you, his mother, and after San Francesco, who loved the flowers and the birds and nature so much. Okay?'

"My wife had always loved San Francesco.

"She began to smile.

" 'Okay,' she said.

" 'Dion,' I said, kind of to myself.

"I could see it in lights, even then.

" 'Dion,' I said, louder now, wanting to shout it out. 'Dion . . .'

"And that's the way my son got his start in show business, two months before his birth. . . . He got a good head start . . ."

It wasn't till Dion was five, however, that it was decided just which phase of show business he would go into.

The decision was made the night his dad and mother took him to the opera at a little theater near their Bronx, New York, apartment.

### Little Dion at the opera

The bill that night was that favorite Italian double-header—*Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci.*

During *Cavalleria,* Dion was the model of what a good boy at the opera should be; quiet, attentive, seated way back in his chair.

But towards the end of the first act of *Pagliacci*—when the tenor sobbingly began the great aria of the evening, *Vesti la Giubba*—something happened to Dion.

Suddenly, he jumped up from his seat, threw his arms into the air and he began to sing, too.

The tenor, insulted, stopped.

The conductor turned from the podium to throw a mean look in the direction of the DeMuccis.

Shouts of "Shut that kid up!" came floating indelicately from the rafters.

Everybody, in fact, was annoyed—except Dion's father.

"Now I know," he said, proudly, looking over at his embarrassed wife. "The boy will be a *singer!*"

"A little while after that," says Dion's no-longer embarrassed mother, "we bought him a guitar. Pop said a good singer should also know how to play the piano, so he could accompany himself. But things weren't financially very good for us at the time, so we had to settle for a guitar we bought for nine dollars in one of those pawn shops in the neighborhood.

"When we gave it to Dion, he was very happy.

"But a girlfriend of ours said, 'What did you give him a guitar for? That's only what the hillbillies use. And you can't be a hillbilly from The Bronx.'

"I didn't know how to answer her then.

"But I had to laugh that summer when the family—including two little girls by this time, my daughters Donna and Joan, went to the country to visit some relatives for a week.

"It was the first time Dion had ever seen the country. And as soon as we stopped the car at the farm where we were staying Dion got so excited with this new kind of world around him that he jumped out of the car, pulled up some grass from the earth and kissed it.

"And then he began to sing one of those country songs he'd been listening to on the radio on the ride up. He sang it with so much feeling, and just like that singer on the radio.

"And I thought to myself, *Oh yes, you can be a hillbilly from The Bronx! And a good one, too!*"

Dion began to sing professionally when he was about nine.

Every Saturday night—equipped with his guitar, a little straw hat and repertoire of some twenty numbers, mostly hillbilly—he would saunter over to a cabaret down the block from where he lived, pass the front door and walk over to an entrance on the side of the building.

### The kid in the cabaret

The routine that followed was always the same.

Dion would rap on the door three times, hard and loud.

The proprietor of the cabaret would open it.

"Can I sing a few songs tonight?" Dion would ask.

"Yeah, sure, Sonny—the customers like you," the proprietor would say. "But


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"Why?" Dion would ask.

"How many times do I have to tell you," the proprietor would say. "You're under age. It's illegal for a kid to sing in a joint that sells booze. That's why."

The proprietor would then rush out to the sidewalk, give a quick look around, nod—and a few minutes later, Dion would be in the cabaret singing.

"Sometimes I was able to sing long enough so that I could make four or five dollars from the customers," he recalls today. "But other times the proprietor would think he saw a cop standing outside and I'd get the signal to go home. The worst night of all was the night I got there and started to sing my first song—*Jambalaya*. I got as far as *Jamb*—, and then came the signal. I didn't make twenty-five cents that night. Boy, I felt bad."

But nothing could quell Dion's spirit for long.

Not even when four years later, at the age of thirteen, he got what could have been his first big break by appearing on the *Paul Whiteman Teen Tops Show*.

"Win first prize on this show," he'd been told, "and you're good for bookings around the country for six months."

As it turned out, Dion didn't win.

Neither, in fact, did a pretty, dark-haired girl singer who'd appeared on the same show with him.

"I thought you were wonderful," the girl said to Dion backstage, when it was all over. "I'm awfully sorry you didn't get the prize."

Dion thanked her for the compliment and told her he thought she was pretty terrific herself.

### Prediction for Connie Frances

"What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Constance Franconero is my real name," the girl said. "But I call myself Connie Frances."

"My name's Dion," the boy said.

"I know," Connie said. "That's an awful pretty name."

She smiled.

"Wouldn't it be nice," she said, suddenly, "if both our names were famous names someday. . . ."

Dion smiled back.

"They will be," he said.

"How do you know?" Connie asked.

"I'm like my father," Dion said. "He gets feelings about how things are going to happen sometimes. And so do I.

"Like with me, for instance—I just feel that in the next year or two something big is going to happen, something really big . . . You know what I mean?"

"Yes," Connie said, nodding. "And I hope so. . . ."

Dion's last hunch about himself turned out to be a little premature.

He sang a lot, worked hard those next few years.

But the jump to the big-time was not to be so easy.

In fact, it wasn't until he was just eighteen—early last year—when things really started moving for him.

Dion likes to think it was his grandmother, his mother's mother, who had something to do with his sudden success.

The old woman was visiting with her daughter late one Saturday afternoon, sitting in the kitchen, having coffee, when Dion walked in.

"Hi, *Nonna,*" he said.

He walked over to her, kissed her, and then he started to walk away.

"*Wey,*" the grandmother said, stopping him, "—where you go in such a hurry?"

"I've got a show to do tonight, in New Jersey," Dion said. "I've got to get ready."

### Advice from the old country

"Before you go," his grandmother said, "let me tell you something I been wanting to tell you a long time. About this rocks-and-rolls you sing."

Dion couldn't help laughing. It was the first time he'd heard her use the expression.

"You're pretty hip, *Nonna,*" he said.

"Never mind my hip," his grandmother said. Very seriously, she went on: "Now you and this rocks-and-rolls. The other night on the television I see some boy sing the same thing like you. And you know what's a-happen, Dion? All the girls, they scream like crazy when he sing."

She told how she had seen him, Dion, in a show not too long ago. She reminded him that while there had been lots of applause, there hadn't been much screaming.

"You got a bett' voice than all of them other sing' together," she said. "But sometimes you a little shy, *carino*. Why you a little shy on the stage sometimes, a good-looking boy like-a you?"

She didn't wait for an answer.

"Now here's a what you gotta do," she said, standing up. "First, when you sing, in the middle of the song, you close your eyes, so the girls don't see you who looking at and think you in love with each of them . . . Then, a little while after, you do this—"

She began to wiggle her shoulders.

"*E non ridere*—don't laugh at me," his grandmother said, looking down at the chair into which Dion had fallen. "This is part of the *art* of the rocks-and-rolls. You try it, *carino*. You try it tonight. And you see!"

Dion did try it that night.

In a phrase, he loosened up.

And the screams that came tumbling up at him from the audience were deafening.

Says a musician who was there, who knew nothing about Dion's talk with his grandmother that afternoon: "He threw a little extra something into the act that night, something that embellished his native talent and that made him, suddenly, a very special performer."

It was only a short time after that when Dion was approached by Gene Schwartz of Laurie Records, a then-new outfit.

"I'd like you to cut a record for us," said Mr. Schwartz. "Pick any number and trio you like."

"Trio?" Dion asked.

"A vocal group to back you up," said Mr. Schwartz. "You must know of some outfit."

"Oh sure," Dion said. "I've got just the boys."

Actually, he was fibbing. He didn't know of any outfit that was available at the moment.

But that wasn't going to stop him. Not at a time like this.

Within a few days he rounded up three neighborhood friends of his—Freddie Milano, Carlo Mastrangelo and Angelo D'Aleo good singers all, though not professionals.

For a week after that they rehearsed, around the clock.

By the end of the week, Dion and the trio—who called themselves The Belmonts now, after the avenue on which Angelo and Freddie lived—reported to Mr. Schwartz.

That afternoon, they made their first record.

And then they waited.

"We thought we were all automatically great stars, now that we had a record," says Dion today, "and that it was just a matter of a little while before fame and fortune came hitting us with a bang. I had the house I was going to buy my


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folks all picked out. Carlo, who'd been working on a liquor truck, quit his job. Angelo, a waiter, got so nervous he started spilling soup and coffee all over the place. Freddie just bit his nails."

For a few days after the record was released, the boys all joined Freddie in biting their nails.

Mr. Schwartz finally phoned Dion.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But, frankly, we've got a bomb. *I* like it. *You* boys like it. I'm afraid, however, that the popularity club ends there."

Mr. Schwartz' faith in the boys didn't end there, however.

Because less than two months later he signed them up for *I Wonder Why.*

"There's something in the air when you've got a hit, even before the record is released," Dion was to say later. "People around the studio begin to hum it right after it's been cut, disk jockeys get to hear about it, people from the newspapers start calling you and asking you when you were born and what are your plans for the future . . . That's the way it would happen later with *No One Knows, Don't Pity Me* and *Teenager In Love.* And that's the way it happened that second time round with *I Wonder Why.*

"That time we *knew* we had a hit.

"That was when the fun began. . . ."

### Who wants it?

But now, a little over a year later, the fun was over for Dion.

A few hours earlier, he'd heard the news—that Buddy, Ritchie and The Bopper were dead.

Still, in just a few minutes time, he would be expected to go onstage anyway.

"How am I going to be able to?" he asked himself, over and over, lying on his cot in the little dressing room. "And why should I want to, now, or ever again? My friends are dead, the guys I joked with, worked with, lived with, was going to keep touring with. So why should I want to go on out there without them?"

In the distance, Dion heard the music.

A band was playing the overture—the same happy music they'd played two nights before, in Iowa, the last time the entire troupe had appeared together.

*The show must go on!—just as if nothing happened,* he said to himself, angrily.

Again, there was a knock on the door.

"Five minutes!" the voice came this time.

Dion looked over at the door.

He wanted to fling something at it.

He picked up the guitar at his side.

He held it up.

He was just about to throw it when he saw the name, printed on the strap—The Bopper's name.

The tears came rushing to his eyes.

This guitar, he realized suddenly—this was all that was left to him of his friends.

Destroy this, he knew, and he would be destroying their last link with show business, the business they had loved with all their souls.

*And they did love it,* he thought. *Just the same as I—*

He got up from the cot.

He hung the guitar around his neck.

He knew now what he had to do. He would go on stage and he would sing—just the way he had always been meant to sing, and he would accompany himself on this guitar and this would mean that the boys would be out there too, in a way; that they had not been completely destroyed, that a part of them still lived.

And so he opened the door, walked out of the dressing room, through the wings and onto the stage.

And he smiled as he sang that night, even through his tears. **END**

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# Go, Go, Go!

(*Continued from page 38*)

crash, he had been ticketed for speeding by the State Highway Patrol. . . .

A year later, Ricky Nelson, in a Porsche his parents had given him for his sixteenth birthday, hit an oil slick on the highway, and his car went out of control, rolled over three times, burst into flames, and was demolished. Ricky and his companion were miraculously saved only because the impact had pitched them twenty feet from the burning wreckage. . . .

Steve McQueen, who once drove a souped-up tank in the U.S. Marine Corps, was caught by State Troopers speeding to his own wedding. Fortunately, the troopers felt sorry for him, escorted him to the church and witnessed the wedding ceremony. . . .

Steve, who now drives a Ferrari, has given up speeding, but still loves auto races and the racing crowd. Steve's pal, Bruce Kessler, driving a Porsche in the Pomona Sports Car Grand Prix, lost control at 130 miles per hour and crashed into actor Lee Marvin's car. Steve and Lance Reventlow, a big wheel in the Hollywood auto racing set, were the first to rush to Kessler's bedside at the hospital. . . .

George Reeves, who plays Superman on TV, was driving his sports car when it skidded into an embankment on Benedict Canyon Drive, in Hollywood. Reeves was hospitalized with a five-inch gash on his forehead and other injuries. . . .

These are sample incidents indicating how the speed age has descended upon Hollywood.

### Just driving is not enough

In the old days, it was a legend that Hollywood was being ruined by fast women; now it's fast cars.

Sports cars and racing cars are dominating, more and more, the Hollywood scene, especially among the younger actors and actresses. The car is no longer just a method of comfortable transportation. For more and more actors, it is a way of life, an instrument for thrills, a way to prove you're up-to-date, an indication of your wealth and your sophistication.

Just driving a car is not enough any more. The stars tinker with them, rebuild them, re-design them. They own two or three cars, turn them in often, buy new models, follow the newest rages, and try not to be caught with an old-fashioned car.

They run in cliques: the foreign car enthusiasts, the American sports-car crowd, the ones who like custom-made cars, the crowd that remodels old jalopies for drag-strip races, the followers of the car races, the motorcycle crowd, the ones who prefer motorbikes or scooters, and so on.

The racing car enthusiasts include Tony Curtis, Gig Young, Ricky and David Nelson, Dennis Hopper, Jackie Cooper, Ronnie Burns, Sal Mineo, TV's Bill Leyden, John Derek.

Tony Curtis wanted to swap his Mercedes Benz for a Porsche, but his wife Janet said "Nothing doing!" and Tony bought a Cadillac instead.

David Nelson used to drive a midget racing car in competitions under the name of Randy Bigelow. Later, he entered the regular car races under the name of Mike Sullivan, without his parents' permission or knowledge. Scared by a couple of near-misses, he told his parents what he had been doing and promised never to race again. Now he rides a motorcycle in the hills for kicks.

### And still he got arrested

The most professional speed driver in Hollywood is Jackie Cooper, who was once under contract to the Austin-Healey Co. and demonstrated the company's car at more than fifty tracks throughout the country. Jackie belongs to the British Auto Racing Club, the Sports Car Club of America, and the California Sports Car Club.

Jackie's top speed was 142.636 miles an hour, during 1953, and he explained that the car could go faster than that but that he would not risk "my neck, or somebody else's neck." Jackie bragged that, in all his years of speed racing, he's never had an accident.

In 1957, however, Jackie was accused by California highway patrolmen of doing 145 miles an hour in his $12,000 Mercedes Benz. Jackie insisted he had not gone over 100 miles an hour.

Another big race fan is Ronnie Burns, son of George Burns and Gracie Allen. He hangs around with Lance Reventlow, Jill St. John's boyfriend, and Bruce Kessler, Molly Bee's former boyfriend. But Ronnie stays in the pits with the drivers, and does not race. A former Corvette owner, he's switched to a Chrysler 300C, and plans to go to Europe to film a documentary on the Grand Prix races, in which Reventlow and Kessler will compete.

Bill Leyden brought back from Europe a copy of the car that won the Le Mans race last year. John Derek brought back a new BMW V8 from Europe. It's a cut-down German car that won the Alpine Cup and Grand Gold Medal in the Deutschland Rally, and the Eiffel race in France.

Elvis Presley, who used to drive Cadillacs before he got into the Army, has become fascinated with the BMW 507, which cost $3,750 in Germany. He says he plans to bring this car back with him.

The few actors who have raced cars on tracks do so under controlled conditions, of course. The big problem seems to be the actors and actresses who drive fast cars on highways and are tempted to go the limit, usually 140 miles an hour.

### "I'm going to be killed . . ."

Frankie Avalon, for instance, bought himself a flaming red Thunderbird on his eighteenth birthday. Now he's been driving since sixteen, and he's a good driver, but his new T-Bird can race up to 140 miles an hour, and Frankie realizes the great temptation it presents.

Recently, he confided to a friend: "I'm going to be killed in this car . . . I just *know* it!"

As with all cars, sports cars are safe when driven carefully and under favorable circumstances. But a Jag, for instance, can go from zero to 60 miles per hour in 6.3 seconds—a very dangerous talent in the hands of the wrong person.

Some young actors and actresses are so speed-happy that they just can't wait to get out onto open highways to race their car . . . so they sneak brief moments of racing in the back lots of the movie studios. One big Hollywood studio had to warn Dwayne Hickman and Joan Collins never again to race their cars in the studio's back lot.

For some time, the Jaguar was the most popular sports car with show people in Hollywood, but now the Thunderbird

seems to be ahead. T-Bird drivers include Sandra Dee, Annette Funicello, Jill St. John, Peter Brown, Joan Collins, Earl Holliman, Jayne Mansfield, Lori Nelson, John Forsythe, Nick Adams, Tommy Sands, Tony Perkins, Jimmie Rodgers, Joan Bradshaw, Dick Anderson, Robert Horton, Johnny Mathis, Edward Byrnes, Sal Mineo.

John Ireland, Bob Stack, Rad Fulton, Dave Garroway, Sid Caesar, Skitch Henderson and Johnny Desmond still drive Jags.

### Who owns what

Mercedes Benz has been coming up big: Bing Crosby, Eddie Fisher, Tab Hunter, Jeff Hunter, Jackie Cooper, Mel Torme, Zsa Zsa Gabor, John Gavin, Gary Cooper, Dwayne Hickman, Yul Brynner, Lauren Bacall, Clark Gable, Ricky Nelson, John Payne.

The imported Dual-Ghia has its followers, including Frank Sinatra, Eddie Fisher, Sammy Davis, Jr., Tony Martin, Peter Lawford, Dean Martin, John Saxon and Rod McKuen.

MGs are owned by Phil Everly of the Everly Brothers, Ernie Kovacs, Bill Hayes and Henry Fonda. Lee Marvin, a big race fan, owns an Arnold Bristol. Troy Donahue and Dean Stockwell drive a Porsche.

Pat Boone, whose first new car was a white Jag, switched to Corvette when he got his own TV show and his sponsor was Chevrolet. (Corvette is a Chevrolet car). Other Corvette owners include Paul Newman, Gia Scala, James MacArthur, Natalie Wood, Debra Paget and Molly Bee. Fabian, who is taking a car-driving course at South Philadelphia High School, says his first car will be a Corvette.

The younger stars prefer sports cars. For instance, Annette Funicello kept begging her parents for a Corvette for her sixteenth birthday. Her dad was willing to let her start driving at sixteen, but he wanted her to drive the family Cadillac.

Annette gasped, "Whoever heard of a kid driving a Cadillac? My friends will think I'm putting on airs. I want the Corvette!"

But Annette's mother had a different view: she didn't want Annette to start driving until she was seventeen.

So when Annette's sixteenth birthday came, her parents gave her a silver French poodle. She had to wait a couple of months, and then she was given a white two-seat Thunderbird with black upholstery, at Christmas time.

Dolores Hart used to drive the old family Chevy, and when she finally saved enough for a new car, she bought a Fiat. Her mom said it wasn't the right car for her, and compelled her to return it. Then Dolores bought a foreign-make sports car twice, and each time she had to return it and ask for a refund, explaining that she was a minor and could not be held responsible. When she finally bought a blue Ford convertible, mamma okayed it.

### Don and the slick salesman

Don Everly, of the Everly Brothers, confesses he had a big yen for the BMW, a German-made car. He had fallen in love with it through pictures he had seen in magazines. So, when he was in New York rehearsing for TV, he hurried to a showroom, during rehearsal break.

He asked the salesman a multitude of questions, and the salesman, eying Don's casual clothes and thick fluffy hair, finally said, "Run along, sonny . . . and get yourself a haircut."

Embarrassed, Don slunk out . . . and never did return for that car. Now he's thinking of buying a Jaguar.

Bobby Darin, who's been driving a white Caddy for years, lost it when it was stolen from a garage while he was performing at the Fox Theatre, in Brooklyn. Now he plans to buy a Jaguar when he gets to Hollywood.

Connie Francis, taking driving lessons, says her first car will probably be a T-Bird or a Jag.

### Some go for sedans

But not all stars go for sports models. Plenty still prefer the much heavier sedans. Red Skelton, Cary Grant, Liz Taylor, and Bing Crosby, for instance, have Rolls-Royces. Sophia Loren, Joseph Cotten and Margaret O'Brien have Caddies.

Rock Hudson drives a Chrysler 300D. Debbie Reynolds and June Allyson have Lincoln Continentals. Fess Parker prefers a Studebaker. Loretta Young and Ricky Nelson have Chrysler Imperials. Ricky, of course, has also owned a Porsche, motorcycles and a Plymouth Fury.

Margia Dean has a flip-top Ford convertible. Dinah Shore drives a Chevrolet, her sponsor's product. (All stars sponsored by an automobile company are required to drive that company's cars.)

Gig Young celebrated getting an Academy Award nomination by buying an $8,500 Jaguar Mark IX.

A few stars go in for embellishments, loads of accessories, and other attention-getting gimmicks. Liberace used to drive a Caddy decorated with gold piano-keyboard motifs. His brother George had golden violins embedded in the doors. Dale Robertson drives a big car, a gift from his TV sponsor, and it's equipped with two rifles lodged next to the driver's seat, a cowhide floor, and pistols as door handles.

Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr. and Eddie Fisher have phones in their cars. Paul Anka, before he got his white Caddy, owned a Plymouth convertible with a built-in phonograph in the dashboard.

Dwayne Hickman's Mercedes Benz has a built-in phonograph, too, and he admits, "My car is my big extravagance . . . I cut out pictures of Mercedes Benz cars for two years until I could afford to buy one."

Paul Winchell's car has a built-in tape recorder, on which he tapes his TV scripts and plays them back while he's driving.

A few stars prefer to remake a car. Sal Mineo had his '49 Mercury rebuilt for jalopy races, and Raymond Burr put $3,000 into converting his Army Jeep.

A few strong individualists, like Connie Stevens and Sheree North, and Diane Varsi when she was still in Hollywood, drive old cars and don't give a darn for public opinion.

There are still a few actors who, bored with conventional cars, turned to motorcycles and motorbikes for difficult trips up the hills and away from the highways. Clint Walker, David Nelson, Elvis Presley, Vince Edwards and Keenan Wynn are part of this crowd.

### Next it'll be planes

"We're living in a jet speed age," says Bob Cummings, father of five kids, "and we've got to accept it. Every kid will drive a car, and perhaps a plane . . . and we ought to prepare for this."

Bob permits his thirteen-year-old Robert to drive the family Chrysler under strictly controlled circumstances, and to handle control of Bob's eight-seat Beechcraft plane, except for landing.

"By breaking in the kids early, it takes the edge off the excitement of driving for the first time when they're sixteen," he says.

### The sexy side of speed

This tremendous urge for speed has a lot of facets. One angle is that it's sexy. Motor speed is very sensual. Also, girls seem to admire fast-riding boys. One


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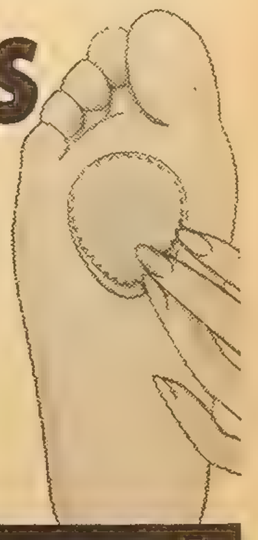
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newspaper, analyzing the enormous popularity of racing cars, called the drivers "Casanovas in Coveralls." It pointed out that "the big wheels of the speed tracks are winning the international glamour girls these days." It pointed to Linda Christian's romance with the Marquis de Portago, who was killed in the spectacular 1957 racing accident in Italy; and to Lance Reventlow and his buddy Bruce Kessler, who always attract crowds of adoring girls.

It seems girls are attracted, morbidly, to boys who defy death. These boys, according to psychiatrists, drive recklessly because of a "subconscious death wish" and "a suicide urge."

Is a sixteen or seventeen-year-old *ready* to drive?

Some educators feel driving by teen-agers is wrong. William Condit, vice-principal of Belmont High School in Los Angeles, insists, "High school boys are joy-riding right out of an education."

He admits the boys' stock with girls may go up when they have a car, "but their marks go down." He quotes from an Idaho study revealing not a single straight A student questioned owned a car. Of the B students, only 15% owned cars; but of the C students, 41% owned cars. And of the D students, 71% owned cars. Of the failing students, 83% owned cars.

If this Idaho study is typical of the nation, then Condit has a potent argument against students owning and driving cars.

At least one star, Sal Mineo, feels the basic problem is not in teen-agers driving cars, but in what they do with their cars. Sal feels the teen-agers' love for cars can be used to combat juvenile delinquency.

"I talked to a police lieutenant in Chattanooga, Tennessee," says Sal, "and he told me about picking up a couple of teen-agers racing in hot rods. He said he brought them to the police station and asked them what would make them happy. The kids said, 'Give us a drag strip where we can race our cars.'"

So the police managed to get up a strip for the kids, and now, says Sal, they rarely have trouble with racing kids. "Even the police lieutenant got himself a hot rod, so he could understand the problem better. Now kids of sixteen in Chattanooga can drive their cars in the drag strip."

Sal keeps his hot rod, a '49 Mercury rebuilt job, in Hollywood. "I've driven it to strips, but have not raced it," he explains. "You've got to get an okay from the police before you can race a car. The police have a man to check each car and okay it."

Sal's opinion: "A guy with a hot rod, and no place to race it, is heading for trouble."

He urges more hot rod clubs, more strips, more police supervision, more understanding from adults.

Ricky Nelson was once a drag strip enthusiast, too. He'd slip out to the track, get in a souped-up car with the glass all taken out, and then play the exciting game of trying to bump every other car off the road. He won a trophy the first time he tried it, but the studio found out and bawled him out good.

When Ricky first drove his new Porsche, he was caught many times by traffic cops and given tickets. His attitude was typical of today's young-man-in-a-hurry: "I guess I've got to prove I can *go*," he explained.

This profound urge to go, to move, to risk life and limb, is reflected in David Nelson's yearning to try parachuting.

He explained that his dad had once told him and Ricky that, "Life can be a perpetual dare" and "Don't be afraid of new experiences and responsibilities."

To David, parachute jumping would not be necessarily reckless. It would just be another step in training for other "big dares" of life.

Obviously, then, the younger set is moving, and moving fast. It's go, go, go! The speed age is with us, and nobody can stop it. . . . But remember that it's not how fast that counts, but where you are going, and how safely you arrive. So, please, everybody . . . drive carefully! **END**

### TEEN DRIVERS THE WORST

Teen-agers have the worst accident rate of all age groups, according to the National Safety Council.

Teen-agers, who comprise 7.2 per cent of the total number of drivers, accounted for 11.5 per cent of all accidents and 10 per cent of fatal accidents.

Some states (Texas, etc.) issue licenses to youths of 14 and over; some states (California, etc.) permit driving at 15½.

According to authorities on driving, youngsters have excellent reflexes and could make the finest drivers—but they are inclined to carelessness and showing off.

### FAVORITE COLORS

The most popular car among the younger Hollywood set is a white Thunderbird.

The most popular color in this set for cars: white, with black second, and red third.

Most popular colors for upholstery: white, black, gray, red, in that order.

## Did John Wayne Risk The Lives Of His Wife And Child?

*(Continued from page 28)*

question. When the conversation was ended, Pilar placed the phone back in its cradle and stared dumbly at the distant wall. Then she turned to look at her sleeping husband.

John Wayne was lying on his side as asleep as a man can be an hour before his usual arising time. He looked the size of a fallen tree. Pilar suddenly flew into motion. She shook her husband's shoulders and tugged at his head and finally he opened an eye.

"What are you doing starting a revolution?" she demanded.

"Just a dream . . ." Wayne muttered.

Pilar shook him again and rocked his head from side-to-side until he came fully awake.

"What's the matter with you?" he said.

"What's the matter with *me?*" retorted Pilar. "What's the matter with you? I got a call from Panama and everybody says you have started a revolution down there. It's on the radio and in the newspapers. What are you up to?"

Wayne sat up, wide awake. He shook his head to clear the sleep from his brain.

"Now go slow," he said, "nice and slow and make some sense."

Pilar went into a long, fairly calm explanation of her earlier telephone conversation. It seemed that a Dr. Roberto Arias, a business partner of Wayne in the shrimp fishing and packing industry in Panama, had landed on a remote shore sixty miles from Panama City with a handful of mercenaries and was said to be headed for the country's capital to unseat the government and take over. Shortly after he had landed, Arias was forced to retreat from a cabin he had made his headquarters, leaving most of his luggage behind, and the National Guard had discovered a document stating that John Wayne had advanced him a sum close to a million dollars. The implication was that Wayne was the financial backer of a Latin American revolt.

"That's not true," Wayne said after she had finished. "At least not quite like you say."

"Aha," said Pilar, "not quite like I say! But most of it is true!"

"No," said Wayne. "You're jumping to conclusions."

"You are always jumping into trouble," his wife said. "I'm afraid to answer the phone anymore. You're supposed to be an actor. You don't have to live what they make you do on the screen."

"Now simmer down, honey," Wayne said, getting out of bed. "We'll get to the bottom of this."

"You're darn right we will!" said Pilar. "I wish I had never learned to speak English, so I wouldn't know what adventure means."

Wayne grinned and winked at her and headed toward his dressing room.

"Order some coffee," he said, "I'll be back in a minute and we'll get this straightened out."

The instant she was alone the phone rang. Pilar answered it with a very strong accent. "Who's calling?" she asked. "Associated Press? No, Senor Wayne is not home. No, he is out of the city. No, I don't know where. This is the cook."

She slammed the phone back into position and stared at it angrily as it started to ring again. She didn't answer it.

Fear froze her.

*What is he up to now?* thought Pilar. *That is his way, to laugh at danger. But what about the baby, me—and him? A revolution—Panama? This is trouble. Maybe some assassin—even now—is after us because of this. . . .*

The next three or four days were as filled with excitement as a movie script—more excitement, in fact, than Pilar Wayne had any use for. By the time he had reached his office that first morning the newspaper headlines, proclaiming John Wayne a master mind in the attempted coup in Panama, were glaring from every newsstand. And his private phone was ringing like the hottest instrument at the town's biggest bookmaker's. The lobby of his production offices on the Sunset Strip was filled with hard-copy reporters from the political and world affairs desks of the top wire services and weekly magazines.

Wayne, holed up in his inner sanctum, was making a survey of the situation, gathering meager information from whatever source he could. Around noon he issued a statement:

*I have known Roberto Arias almost all his life, and I like him and respect him as a friend and business associate. I do not, how-*

*ever, knew anything about his alleged revolutionary activities, nor do I have any connection whatever with the internal affairs of Panama or any other country."*

It wasn't much but the newspapers gobbled it up. It admitted at least a *connection* between Wayne and the revolutionary, who, at that time, was being hotly pursued through central Panama jungles.

On the third day the topic got really lively. One eastern paper exploded the information that it had proof that John Wayne had collected an arsenal: that he had a barn in Encino loaded to the rafters with firearms and that he had admitted that they were to be used in a rebellion. Until he explained it, the world was sure that Wayne had political ambitions. The explanation didn't do justice to the hot story. Wayne was preparing a picture called *The Alamo,* the story of the rebellion of Texas against Mexico in 1830, so the guns were indeed intended to be used in a revolt. They proved, however, to be vintage rifles that would be as useful as sling shots in modern combat. But the rumors had added fat to the already crackling fire.

When Pilar Wayne saw the headlines that evening she was thrown into a new turmoil of concern. They were black with veiled intimations and colorfully illustrated with stills from John Wayne movies, depicting the star in fighting poses. Pilar, a native Latin American herself, saw nothing but immediate disaster. Wayne paced his living room and pondered his situation.

"I think I'll go to Panama," he said finally, "and settle this thing down there."

Pilar's reaction was the same as if he had announced that he was going to jump off the Empire State Building.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded. "If you go down there they will lock you up."

"What for?" asked Wayne. "I haven't done anything."

"*We* know that," said Pilar, "but maybe *they* don't."

"I've got to do something," said Wayne.

"Then go to bed—like ordinary people."

**Report from Panama**

Wayne walked to the phone and placed a call to the Panama Ambassador in Washington. When the Ambassador got on the line Wayne explained who he was and his predicament. The Ambassador assured him that his government was thoroughly convinced that Wayne knew nothing of the revolt and had at no time considered him involved in any way except as an innocent bystander—and he told Wayne there would be no need for him to go to Panama to explain anything. Wayne offered his books and himself for confirmation of this any time he was called upon. And the matter, as far as official circles were concerned, was settled.

That night, very late, John Wayne awakened to find his wife wide-awake beside him.

"Why can't you sleep?" he asked.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that the phone might ring."

Pilar Wayne had reason to be concerned about the possibility of further adventure —and danger. Once she believed that the adventures of even an action star were confined to sound stages and the back lots of movie studios. Her first disillusionment came shortly before their marriage.

It was in Hawaii, on the main island, where her fiance was engaged in making a film about the exploits of a broken-down freighter during World War II. She had come to the islands to prepare for her marriage, which was scheduled to take place when the filming was over. Every morning a studio limousine picked up her husband-to-be at the small house he occupied and drove him to a dock near the village of Kona. There he boarded the lumbering freighter purchased for the movie and set out to sea for the day's shooting. She was not invited along because the crew, actors, movie workmen and the heavy equipment added so much weight to the already creaking vessel that not an extra pound could be placed aboard. Pilar, of course, didn't know this.

The ship would sail off in the early morning and painfully pull in alongside the dock about five o'clock in the afternoon. And Pilar was always there to greet her man.

One evening she stood on the pier gazing out to sea. The horizon was gloomy and foreboding against a silhouette of fishing boats, and there was no familiar streak of black smoke rising from the sea, the signal that the freighter was heading for port. Dusk fell rapidly and Pilar watched but all she saw were angry clouds that shifted about menacingly and the white caps of the towering waves. And when night fell, with the freighter three hours overdue, the sea moved in on the shore, snapping viciously at the rocks and sending spiral sprays of fierce white water thirty feet into the air and shaking the dock with shuddering impacts that made it almost impossible to keep a footing.

Rain fell in driving sheets now, a warm rain that somehow chilled Pilar for it was so ominous. She was joined by anxious fisherfolk, helplessly but intently staring into the black at what they presumed to be the position of their boats. One broke loose and charged like a terror-borne, living thing into the rocks and piled itself high on the giant lava coals, looking like a toy broken and discarded by a disinterested small boy. The fishermen left to climb atop the lava to attempt some salvage. Pilar stood alone on the dock trembling from the night wind and the dread she fought to dispel.

Then there were lights. Small at first and later larger, outlining, possibly, the below-deck portholes of a ship. They disappeared, sometimes it seemed for minutes, below the maddened sea, but each time Pilar saw them they were closer—and she knew her fiance and his company were at least afloat.

There was little cheer in Pilar's heart as the ship, visible now in the reflection of lights from the village, drew closer to the dock. The monster of iron and wood was lifted high on a perch of prongs of licking water and then slammed back into the hard gut of ocean. It shuddered with pain at each assault and it skittered sidewise, out of control, at times, but its approach to the pier was firm.

Soon there were bells and the shouts of seamen getting and acknowledging orders. The fishermen forgot their small craft and ran to the pier to lend a hand in the landing. And then the ship was at the dock, rising and falling like a giant elevator as the whim of the swell had its final way. The lines were thrown and looped loosely on the dock stanchions and one-by-one the wet and tired movie men skidded down a buckling gangplank to safety. Pilar ran to her fiance. He grinned and hugged her.

"You keep off that boat," she said.

"What for?" he asked, purring with innocence.

"I've been standing here for hours," she said, "and you've been out there in the dark probably drowning. That ship is not safe."

A crewman joined them. "Some trip," he said.

"What happened?" asked Pilar.

"Well," said the crewman, "we lost our engines and the storm came up. We


YOU'D NEVER KNOW I HAD



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thought we were going to overturn, and then she started to leak, and then . . ."

Pilar had John Wayne by the arm and was dragging him away. "You don't go out there again!" she ordered. "Even now you've probably got pneumonia." He followed her docilely to the car. When she awoke the next morning and telephoned him she got the message he had left. *Had to get an early start,* it said. *After all this is my livelihood, you know.*

It was 1957 in Africa. Not civilized Africa but 600 miles from the coast, deep in the heart of the Sahara Desert. Pilar Wayne had flown in from Italy to visit her husband who was making a picture down there. When she arrived at the small oasis that was without any conveniences except Arab mud huts and a colony of tents that had been pitched to make a home for the picture company, the cast and technicians were miles away in the desert shooting. Some of the home-based members of the crew welcomed her and explained that the others would be back about nightfall.

"I would like to go out to the location," she said. "Can somebody drive me?"

"Sure," said a driver standing beside a jeep, "the only thing is we don't know where they are."

"You mean," said Pilar, "that they just go off out there and don't know where they're going?"

"You just flew over the Sahara," said the man, "you know how it is. No roads. No town. You've just got to cut out across the sand into the dunes and look for a spot."

"My God," said Pilar. "They could get lost and nobody would ever hear from them again."

The driver just shrugged. "That's the picture business," he said.

"It's the lunatic business," said Pilar.

She sat in the meager shade of a tent on a camp chair until sundown when a convoy of dust-covered jeeps and trucks came churning across the desert in a heavy mist of dust toward the tent village. Her husband leaped from one of the jeeps and ran to her. He held her in a crushing hug. She melted for a moment, then pushed free.

"You told me this was like Palm Springs," she said.

"Well, honey," said Wayne, "it is. It's hot, isn't it?"

"Tomorrow I will go with you," she said, "and we'll see."

And she did. Shortly after dawn the convoy started into the golden brown waste that had swallowed men and camels for thousands of years, headed toward the horizon across sand that had not so much as a camel trail to point a direction. She sat in the back seat of a jeep beside her husband, and in ten minutes they were in a limbo of nothingness, a roaring string of machines in a world that had suddenly dropped population and landmarks.

"Let's stop at the next gas station," she suggested pointedly.

"To tell you the truth," said Wayne, there isn't a gas station within five hundred miles of here."

"That's what I thought," said Pilar. "Palm Springs is full of gas stations. I'm beginning to think you lie to me sometimes."

At noontime the vehicles were lined up in rigid order while the company ate a cold lunch sitting in the sand. One of the cameramen leaped to his feet, pointing to the horizon. He ran to the camera and began pulling tarps over the exposed equipment.

Pilar looked in the direction he had pointed. A curtain of brown, thick as wool stretched from the floor of the desert to the sky. Others began scrambling about hauling tarps from trucks and placing them on the ground under the vehicles.

"What's going on?" Pilar asked.

"Sandstorm," somebody yelled.

Her husband grabbed her by the hand and pulled her under a truck and wrapped them both in a tarp. The last thing Pilar saw was a wall of sand descending on them with lightning speed—then there was only the darkness of the protecting canvas. Suddenly the storm was upon them, whipping and tugging at the slender cloth that separated them from the elements, and roaring like a thousand insane beasts of prey.

Inside the tarp, Pilar was chilly in the heavy heat. "How long do we have to stay here?" she asked.

"Oh, maybe just an hour or two," her husband said. "But keep covered or your lungs will be as solid as marble in ten minutes."

"How often does this happen?" asked Pilar.

"Sometimes not for a couple of days," said Wayne.

Pilar was silent for a long time. "I think," she said, "this sand will cover the tracks we made coming out here. It might be hard finding our way back to the tents."

Wayne didn't answer.

"If we get back home," said Pilar, "I'm going to buy you a new tuxedo and you can work in safe pictures like Cary Grant."

Japan is just about as civilized a country as one can find on a map. But when Pilar landed at the Tokyo airport to meet her husband who was making a picture there, she wore a wary expression as she was led through the ultra-modern terminal building to a large limousine that took her through the cosmopolitan city to a large swank hotel. In her suite she picked up a phone and called John Wayne at a 20th Century-Fox location site some two hundred miles from Tokyo.

"What are you up to?" she asked before she said hello.

"Just working, honey," Wayne said. "Why don't you get a night's sleep and take the train down here tomorrow?"

"I have flown across 7000 miles of icebergs to do just that," she said.

The next afternoon saw her walking through the cobble-stoned streets of the fishing village toward the small harbor, thick with sampans which are the floating breadwinners of the natives of the community. It was very colorful. Women and small children stood in the doorways and stared at her curiously. Gnarled and wizened men worked on ancient nets, repairing them for the night's foray into the Pacific in search of fish. Pilar came to the jutting docks and looked about for the movie-makers. An aide pointed out toward the end of the jetty where reflectors and lights flashed in the brilliant sunlight.

"They're working out there," he said. "They're going to set a sampan on fire and then put it out for a sequence in the picture. They should all be back in an hour or so."

Pilar watched, cooled by the brisk breeze that blew in from the ocean. Presently there was a flash of flame aboard the sampan and men scurried about, looking like ants in the distance, in an enactment of the scene. Then something unexpected happened. The sampan broke loose from the jetty and, picking up speed in its flaming remnants of sail, headed toward the shore lined with the villagers' fishing vessels.

With a roar of concern for their boats the entire village headed toward the shoreline. Fear for their property showed on their faces—and many of them were red with anger. The foreigners were endangering their fleet with their silly picture-making.

Pilar stood with mouth open and saw the rescue. She recognized her husband by his height as he led a flotilla of small rowboats pulling toward the flaming sampan. She saw him leap for the hawser, trailing from the prow of the burning craft and tumble into the water. She saw him attempt to swim seaward tugging on the hawser and the futile effort it was. And she saw help come as other boats arrived and she saw Wayne slide aboard one and cry orders to the now linked rowboats which were straining manfully to tow the rapidly incinerating sampan away from the helpless beached fishing fleet. The wreck burned to the water line and sank—and the cast and crew came ashore in total exhaustion.

The villagers were hostile to a man, woman and child. Wayne strode into their midst and attempted to soothe them through an interpreter. And when it was quiet, he joined a very quiet wife to say welcome to Japan. Back at the hotel, after a change of clothing and a bath, he smiled at her across a tray of sandwiches and coffee. Pilar didn't smile.

"I think I'll write a book," she said, "called *My Husband Is Crazy.*"

The producer walked into the room. "That was close, wasn't it?" he asked.

"What would have happened if you had burned their boats?" Pilar asked.

"I don't know," said the producer. "I suppose they'd have hanged every last one of us."

Pilar Wayne was still sleepless, still afraid the phone might ring. An angry Panamanian, she thought, one who didn't have all the facts, would surely come charging up their driveway at dawn in a tank, pouring shells into their lovely home. Pictures of other frightening events flashed before her eyes, obscuring the pages of the book she held in her hands.

There was the time her husband had chartered a plane in Japan to look at a location. There had been an engine failure in the single-engined plane and the pilot had had to land it in the ocean so he and Wayne could clamber aboard a small boat he had spotted in an endless expanse of sea. Wayne had gotten wet—but what about the next time?

There was the time—another day in the Sahara—when a grumpy band of nomadic Arabs had taken offense at something someone in the movie company had done or said and had lined up before the defenseless and weaponless movie people and displayed swords and daggers to express their anger. That day her husband had, as usual, stepped forward to settle the differences.

There had been a hundred incidents, all spelling jeopardy. And now this Panama thing. Pilar thought of them all.

Wayne stirred in his sleep and opened his eyes. He looked at his wife.

"I'm sorry you can't sleep, sweetheart. Have you got something on your mind?"

Pilar's answer came out a long whistle and a sigh.

"Don't worry," Wayne said, "everything's going to be all right. It always has been."

He rolled on his back and began breathing deeply, an easy sleep instantly upon him. Pilar looked at him for several minutes. She reached for the light switch, and put down the book.

*"Who needs a book,"* she said to herself. *It couldn't be anything like being married to John Wayne.*

She twisted off the light and put her hand in the large warm hand on the pillow beside her. **END**

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